

SUPER- MYSTERY

COM

LET'S SEE YOU
GET OUT OF
THIS, MACK
MARTIN!!

THE
UNKNOWN'S
LATEST THRILLER
"DESERT GOLD"

ALSO
MACK MARTIN
IN

"THE RIDDLE OF
THE ROWBOAT"

PLUS

BERT AND SUE

HURRY-UP
HARRIGAN
AND

MR. RISK





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YOUR LUCKY 7

HEY! SAVE A COPY OF COWBOY AND SUPER-MYSTERY FOR ME!

HEY! I WANT HAP HAZARD!

WE WANT MONKEYSHINES!

I JUST LOVE THAT HAP!

M-M-M-AND HOW ABOUT DOTTY?

BUY ONE OF EACH, KIDS! THEY'RE ALL TERRIFIC!

-AND I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THAT NEW BOOK VICKY IS OUT!



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The UNKNOWN

GOLD!
IT'S MINE!
ALL MINE!

IN
DESERT
GOLD

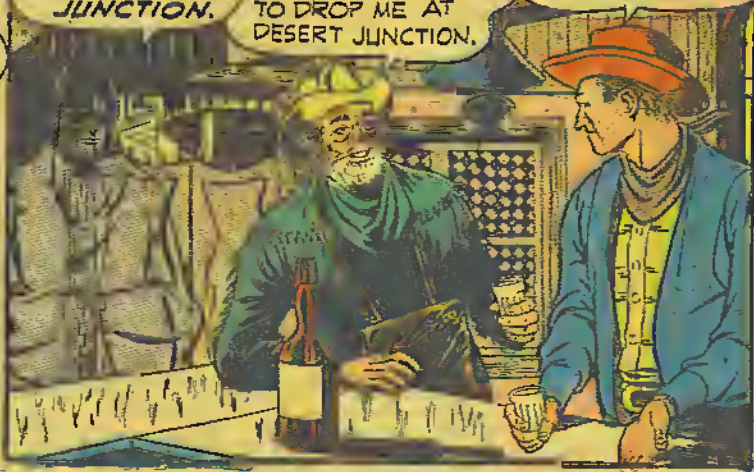
SID
GREENE

OUR
STORY BEGINS
IN THE CROSSROADS
TOWN OF **DESERT
JUNCTION.**

WELL, SANDERS, TO-
MORROW MORNIN' WE
HEADS IN DIFFERENT
DIRECTIONS. IT WAS
MIGHTY KIND OF YOU
TO DROP ME AT
DESERT JUNCTION.

IF I'M NOT TOO
CURIOUS, WHAT'RE
YOU AIMIN' TO
FIND IN THE MID-
DLE OF THE
BLAZIN' DESERT?

FRIENDS,
HERE'S A STORY
ABOUT GOLD-HUNGRY MEN IN
SEARCH OF ANOTHER MAN'S
HIDDEN TREASURE! EVERY-
THING CAN HAPPEN IN A
SITUATION LIKE THAT, AND
AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE...
EVERYTHING **DOES!**



WATCH YOUR TONGUE, RANDALL.

THAT'S **BULL**
DAWSON BEHIND
YOU. I WOULDN'T
TALK MUCH
WITH HIM
AROUND.

I'M GONNA LET YOU
IN ON A SECRET, SANDERS.
I'VE BEEN PROSPECTIN' GOLD
FOR A LONG TIME AND GOT
A HEAP OF IT HID IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE DESERT. AND NOW I'M
GOIN' THAR TO BRING IT BACK.

SUDDENLY...

GET YORE HANDS
UP MEN! THIS SHOOTIN-
IRON MAKES A MIGHTY
BIG HOLE!



RECKON I'LL
START WITH YOU,
OL' MAN! WHAT'S
IN THAT MAP
CASE?

**NO! NOT
THE MAP
CASE!**

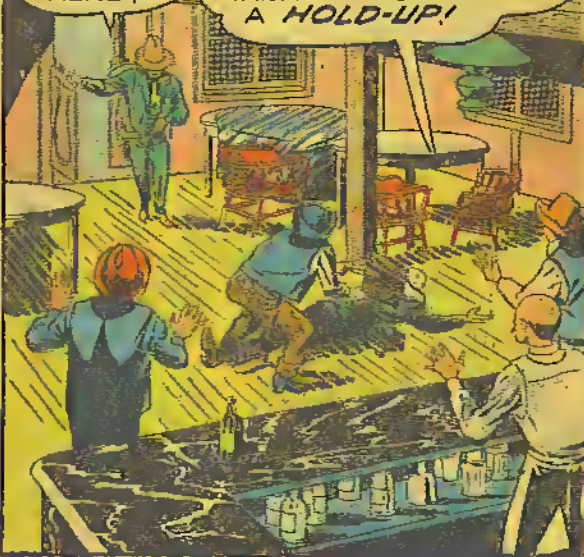


THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN'
IMPORTANT INSIDE IF YOU
WANT IT SO BAD!



SAY! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON IN
HERE?

REACH FOR YORE GUN,
SHERIFF, AFORE THIS
VARMINT DROPS YA! IT'S
A **HOLD-UP!**



THERE HE
GOES,
SHERIFF!

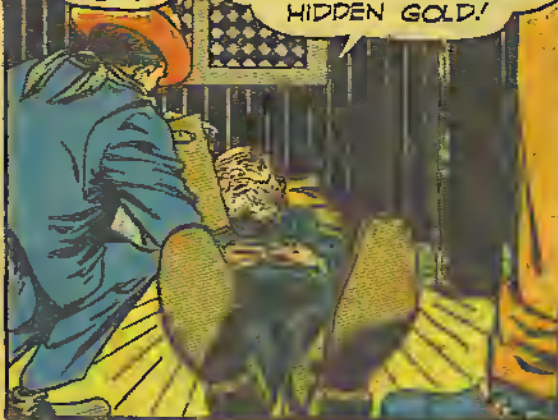
HALT, YOU POLE-
CAT... OR I'LL
SHOOT!



EASY BUS THE
SHERIFF CAUGHT
THAT CARRION-
EATIN' COYOTE
WHO SLUGGED
YOU!

I RECKON... I'M A GONER,
SANDERS. I'M ASKIN A
LAST FAVOR... DELIVER THAT
MAP CASE TO MY BROTHER
CARLYLE, IN CENTER GULCH...
IT'S THE MAP TO THE
HIDDEN GOLD!

YOU KIN COUNT ON ME, PARTNER.
I'LL MAKE CENTER GULCH MY FIRST
STOP TOMORROW MORNIN'! NOW
JES' TAKE IT EASY... THE DOC'LL BE
HERE IN A JIFFY!



IT DIDN'T TAKE
BULL DAWSON LONG
TO ROUND UP HIS PALS.
GOLD IS A MAGIC WORD...
ESPECIALLY TO MEN LIKE
BULL.

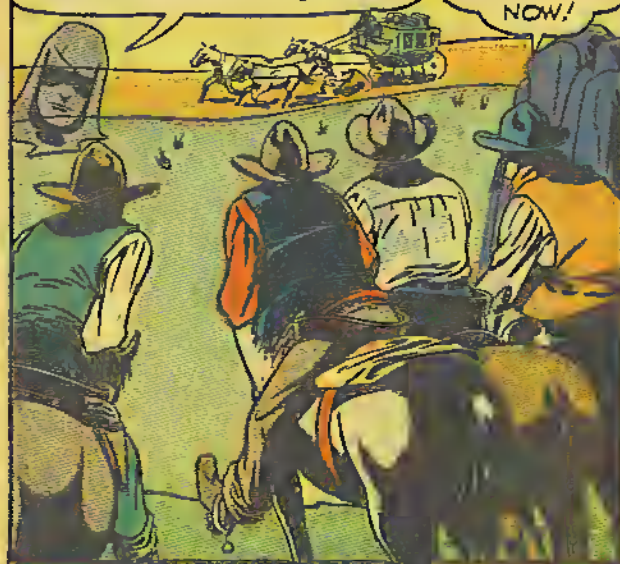


RANDALL'S DEAD! HIS SKULL WAS CRACKED FROM
EAR TO EAR. SANDERS'LL BE LEAVING TOWN WITH
THE MAP CASE FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'!
WE GOTTA WORK FAST!



DAWSON AND HIS CRONIES GOT
UP BRIGHT AND EARLY NEXT
MORNING. YOU SEE THEY HAVE
A VERY SPECIAL JOB TO DO.

JUST AS I
RECKONED!
HERE COMES
SANDERS
NOW!



YOU'LL NEVER GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
I'M CARRYIN' U.S.
MAIL IN THIS HERE
STAGE COACH!

SHUT YORE TRAP
AN' HAND OVER THAT
MAP CASE! YOU MEN-
TION ONE WORD OF
THIS IN TOWN AN'
YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO
HEAR YORE ECHO!
NOW - GIT!



THAT'S IT! THE MAP TO
RANDALL'S **SECRET CAVE!**
WE'RE RICH, MEN, D'YA HEAR
ME... WE'RE **RICH!**

WHAT'RE WE WAITIN'
FOR? LET'S HEAD FOR
THE CAVE!

I WOULDN'T COUNT THAT
GOLD TOO SOON, DAWSON!
RANDALL'S CAVE IS A LONG
WAY OFF, AND WHO KNOWS
WHAT EVIL FATE MIGHT BEFALL
A MAN ACROSS THE TRACK-
LESS DESERT!



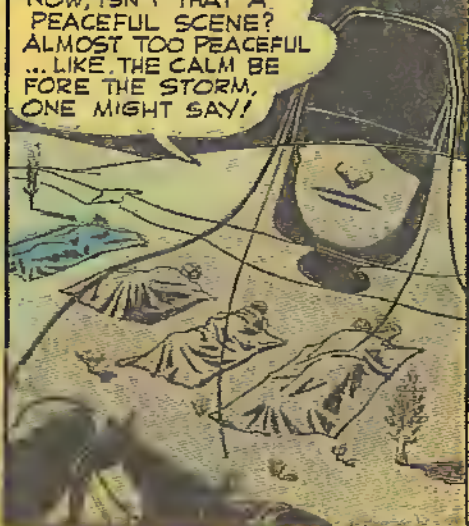
THAT EVENING...

I'M ALL DONE IN!
LET'S GET SOME
SHUTEYES.

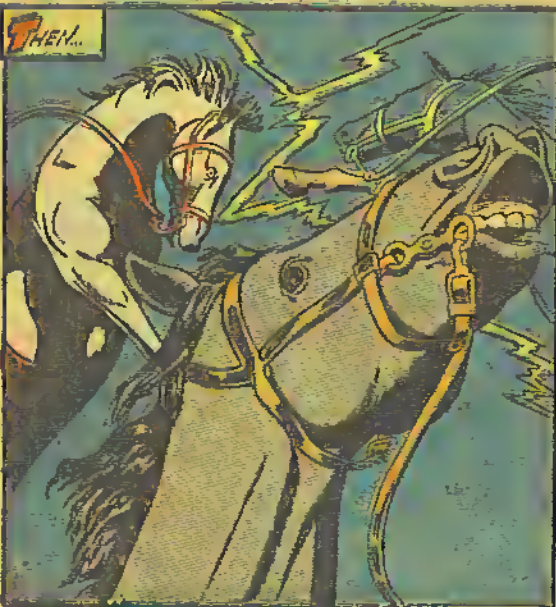
YEAH, I'M READY TO DROP
MYSELF! WITH A GOOD NIGHT'S
REST, WE OUGHTA REACH THE
CAVE SOMETIME
TOMORROW!



NOW, ISN'T THAT A
PEACEFUL SCENE?
ALMOST TOO PEACEFUL
... LIKE THE CALM BE
FORE THE STORM,
ONE MIGHT SAY!

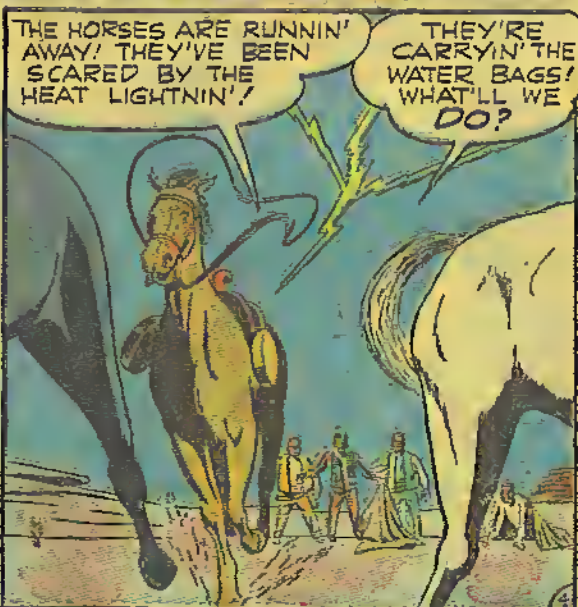


THEH!



THE HORSES ARE RUNNIN'
AWAY! THEY'VE BEEN
SCARED BY THE
HEAT LIGHTNIN'!

THEY'RE
CARRYIN' THE
WATER BAGS!
WHAT'LL WE
DO?



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

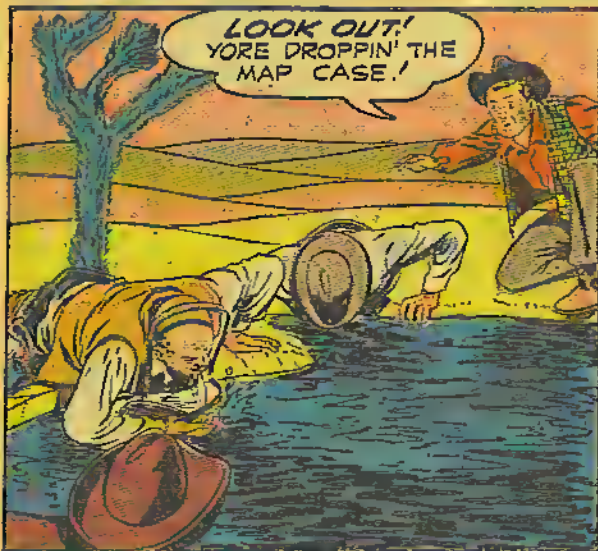
WHY DID WE HAFTA LOSE
THOSE HOSSES? WALKIN'
WALKIN'! AIN'T WE EVER
GONNA REST? I JUST
GOTTA HAVE WATER...I
GOTTA!

STOP YORE BELLYACHIN',
DAWSON! ACCORDIN' TO
RANDALL'S MAP WE
SHOULD'VE REACHED
THE WELL BY THIS
TIME!

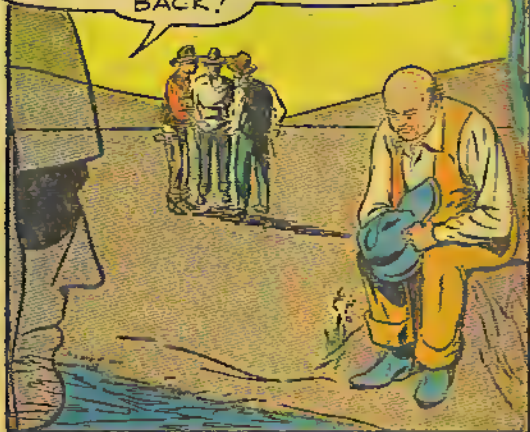
THE WATER
HOLE!
THERE!



LOOK OUT!
YORE DROPPIN' THE
MAP CASE!



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, DAWSON. THE MAP
CASE ISN'T LOST YET! AS A MATTER OF
FACT, YOUR PARTNERS HAVE JUST
FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GET IT
BACK!



DAWSON, WE TALKED
IT OVER AND YOU
BEEN ELECTED TO
DIVE IN AFTER
THAT CASE!

H-H-HAVE A HEART,
BACKUS! I KIN
HARDLY SWIM!
D'YA WANT ME
TO DROWN?



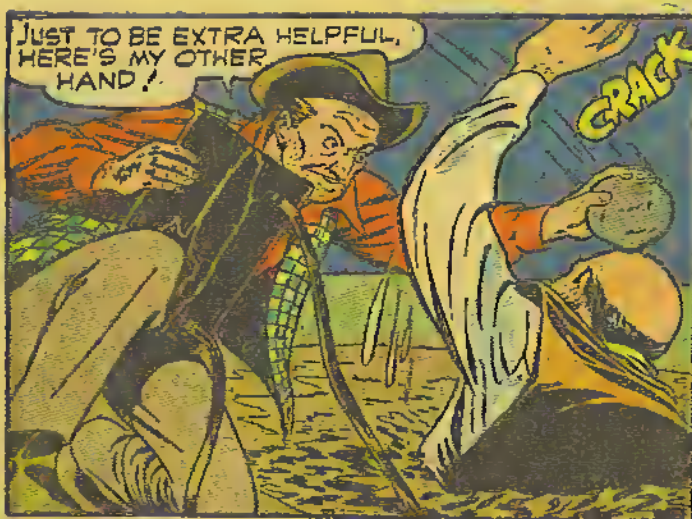
CONGRATULATIONS, DAWSON!
THANKS TO YOUR EXPERT
DIVING, THE MAP IS
SAFE... BUT ARE
YOU?

SURE,
DAWSON,
HERE'S
MY HAND!

I GOT IT!
I GOT THE MAP
CASE! GIMME
YORE HAND,
BACKUS!



JUST TO BE EXTRA HELPFUL,
HERE'S MY OTHER
HAND!



TOO BAD, DAWSON! BUT
THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION...
YOU'LL NEVER GET THIRSTY AT
THE BOTTOM OF THIS POND!



THE NEXT MORNING...

WE BETTER GET GOIN'!
WE GOT A LONG TREK
AHEAD UV US!

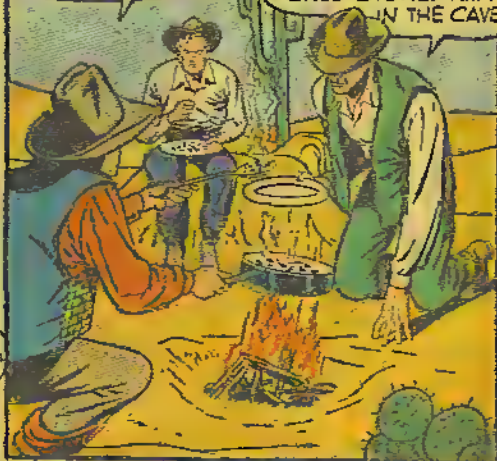
NOW WE'LL ONLY
HAVE TO SPLIT
THAT GOLD
THREE WAYS!

LATER...



YOU GUYS BETTER
GO EASY ON THE
CHOW, THERE AIN'T
MUCH LEFT.

SO WHAT? DIDN'T
RANDALL WRITE
ON THE MAP THAT
HE HAD A HEAP O'
GRUB STORED AWAY
IN THE CAVE?



ANYHOW, NOW WE GOT DAWSON'S
SHARE OF THE VITTLES TO
COUNT ON. HA-HA! EVERY
TIME I THINK OF THAT
CHUMP I HAFTA LAUGH!
HAW! HAW! HAW!

LAUGH, HARPER,
IT WAS VERY FUNNY,
WASN'T IT? BUT
THIS MIGHT BE
YOUR LAST
LAUGH!



FOR THE
RATTLE

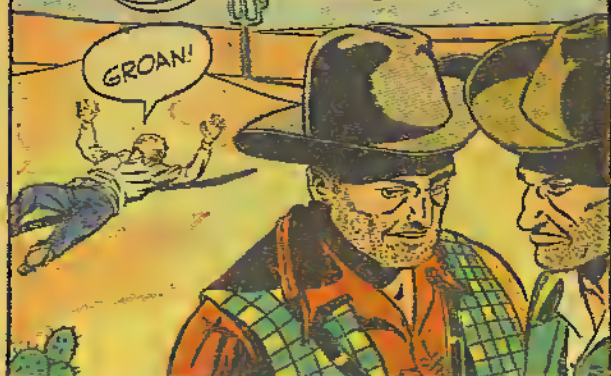


THAT RATTLER GAVE YOU A MEAN BITE, HARPER! YOU'RE IN PURTY BAD SHAPE!

HURRY UP AN' DO SOMETHIN'... DO YOU WANT ME TO DIE?



MAYBE THEY DO, HARPER. YOU MUST ADMIT THAT BACKUS AND BELCHER WOULD GET A BIGGER SHARE OF THE GOLD WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY!



GROAN!



H-HELP ME! PLEASE DON'T LET ME DIE, I'M YOUR PARTNER!

YOU AIN'T GONNA BE OUR FARDNER LONG, HARPER! SURE, WE COULD SAVE YA BY SUCKIN' OUT THE POISON! BUT SOMEHOW, BELCHER AN' ME AIN'T VERY THIRSTY!

SEND US YORE ADDRESS, HARPER. MEBBE WE'LL MAIL YA THE GOLD! HA! HA!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH EVIL! IT NEVER KNOWS WHERE TO STOP! ONE CRIME BEGETS ANOTHER! FIRST IT'S STEALING THEN IT'S MURDER! WHERE WILL IT END?



THAT NIGHT...

I CAN'T GET OVER THE LOONY LOOK ON HARPER'S FACE WHEN HE SAW WE WUZ GONNA LET HIM CROAK! MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE...

SHUT UP AND GET SOME SLEEP, BELCHER! NOW WE SPLIT ONLY TWO WAYS!

COME, COME, GENTLEMEN! TOMORROW'S A BIG DAY AND YOU'D BETTER TRY TO SLEEP. YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYES OPEN FOR **SIX HOURS!** DON'T YOU **TRUST** EACH OTHER?

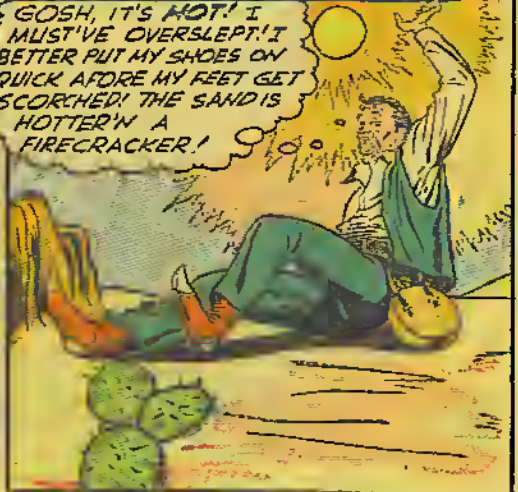


BELCHER DOZED OFF JUST IN TIME, EH, BACKUS? A FEW MINUTES MORE AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN **YOU!** AHH... PRETTY CLEVER... A SALT TABLET IN HIS WATER! PRETTY CLEVER, BACKUS!



NOON... THE FOLLOWING DAY...

GOSH, IT'S HOT! I MUST'VE OVERSLEPT! I BETTER PUT MY SHOES ON QUICK AFOR MY FEET GET SCORCHED! THE SAND IS HOTTER'N A FIRECRACKER!



MY SHOES! THEY'RE GONE!



BACKUS! THAT DIRTY, CONNIVIN' CROOK! WALKED OUT ON ME! AN' HE TOOK MY **SHOES** WITH 'IM!



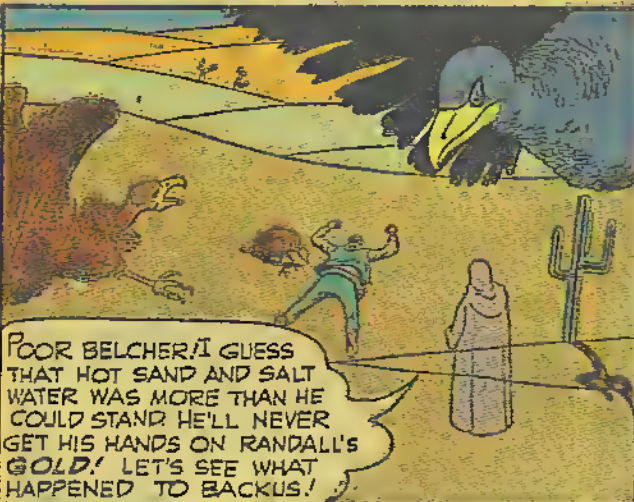
LUCKY THE CANTEEN IS FASTENED TO MY BELT OR HE WOULD'VE STOLE THE WATER, TOO!



HE'S SO THIRSTY HE DOESN'T NOTICE THE WATER IS SALTY! TOO BAD! SOON HIS PARCHED TONGUE WILL START TO SWELL AND BURN FROM THE SALT! THEN IT WILL GROW BIGGER AND BIGGER UNTIL...



M-MY TONGUE...
GASPE
I CAN'T BREATHE!
GASPE I'M
CHOKING!
KAFF, KAFF!



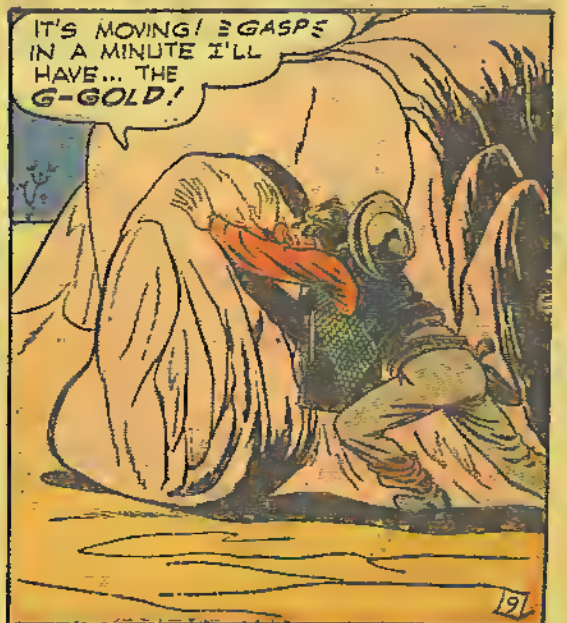
POOR BELCHER! I GUESS THAT HOT SAND AND SALT WATER WAS MORE THAN HE COULD STAND. HE'LL NEVER GET HIS HANDS ON RANDALL'S GOLD! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO BACKUS!



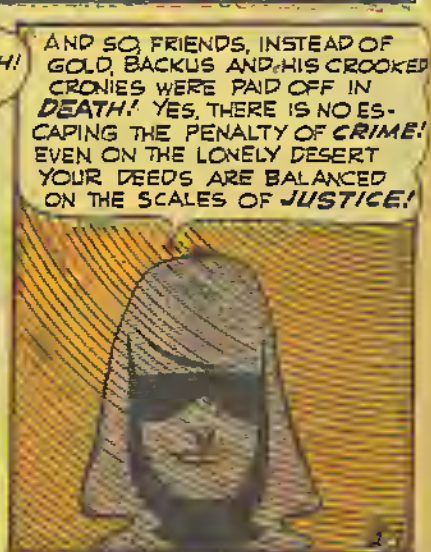
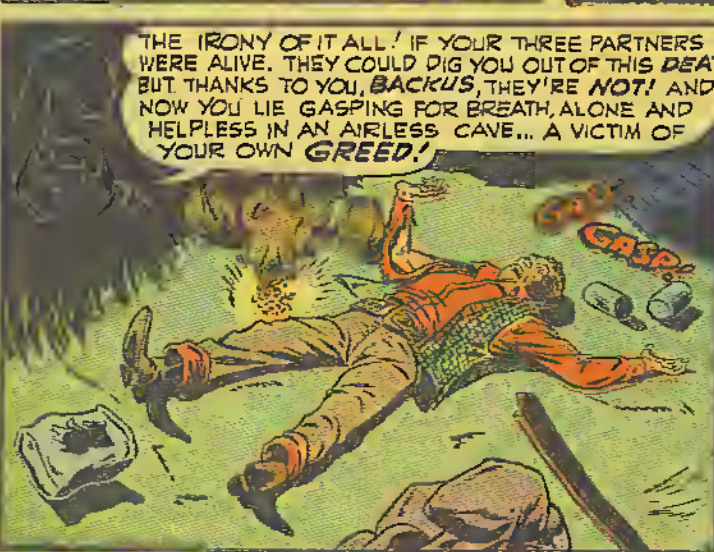
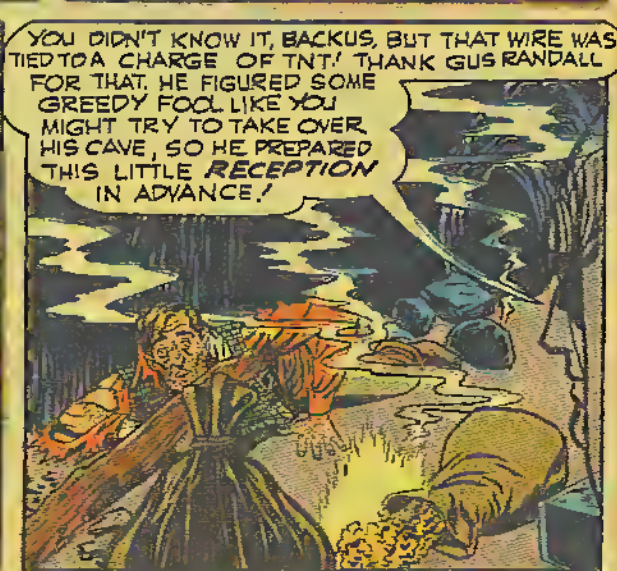
I... CAN'T... QUIT... NOW!
PANT, PANT I...
GOTTA... MAKE IT!



THE CAVE!
RANDALL'S
CAVE!



IT'S MOVING! GASPE
IN A MINUTE I'LL
HAVE... THE
G-GOLD!

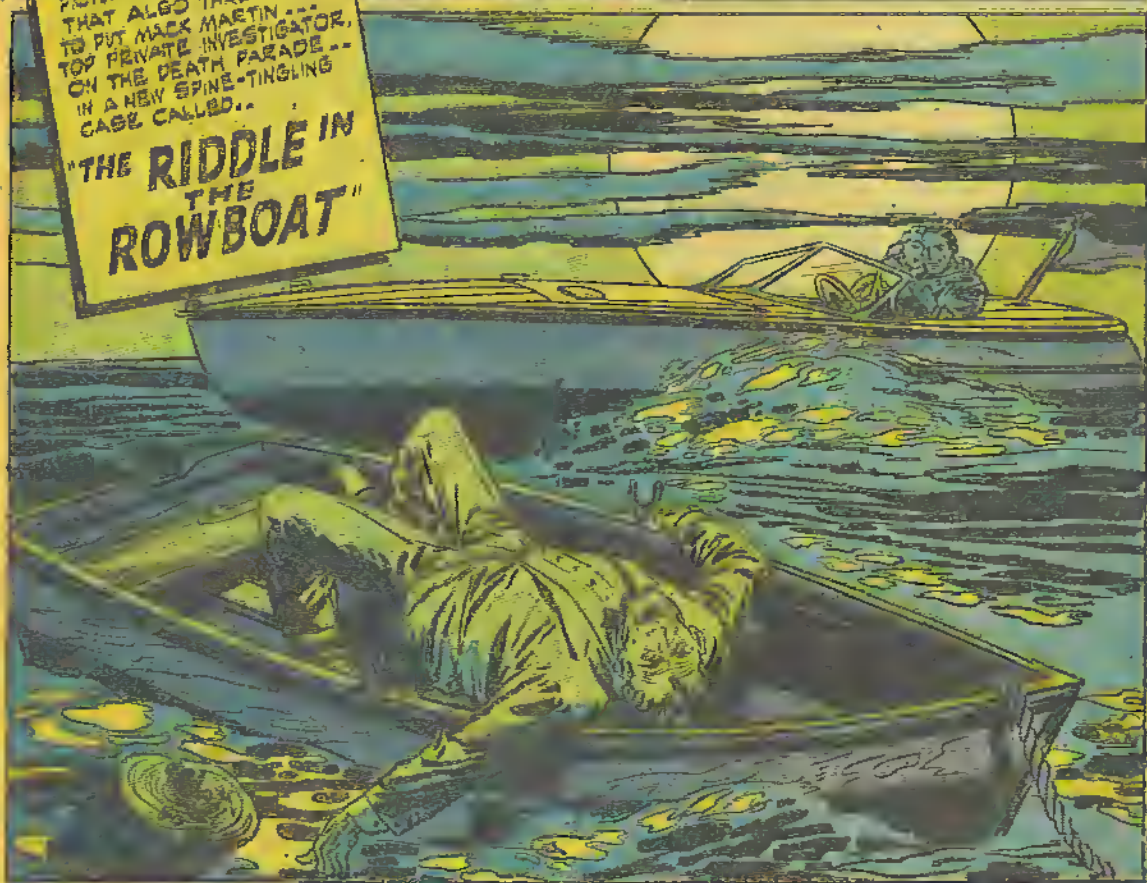


MACK MARTIN

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

A MAN WAS FLOATING
IN A ROWBOAT
AND MACK MARTIN WAS
WAS FLOATING IN A GIRLS
ARMS WHEN MURDER
BROKE UP THE PRETTY
PICTURE ... A MURDER
THAT ALSO THREATENED
TO PUT MACK MARTIN ...
TOP PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR,
ON THE DEATH PARADE ...
IN A NEW SPINE-TINGLING
CASE CALLED...

**"THE RIDDLE IN
THE
ROWBOAT"**

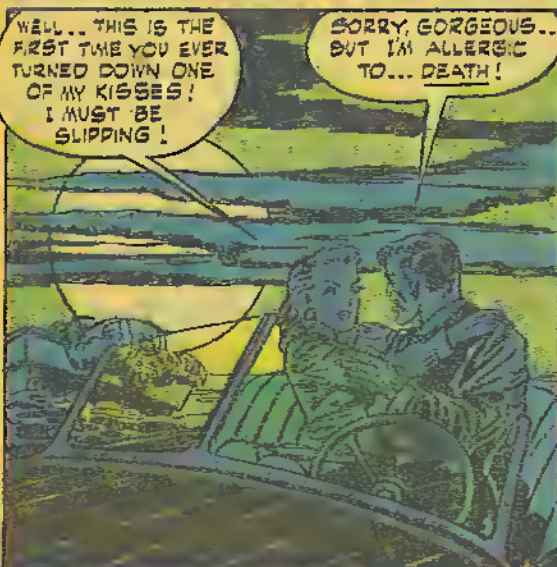


WELL... THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME YOU EVER
TURNED DOWN ONE
OF MY KISSES!
I MUST BE
SLIPPING!

SORRY, GORGEOUS...
BUT I'M ALLERGIC
TO... DEATH!

AND THAT BABY
IS AS DEAD AS LAST
YEARS HEADLINES!

OHXXX!



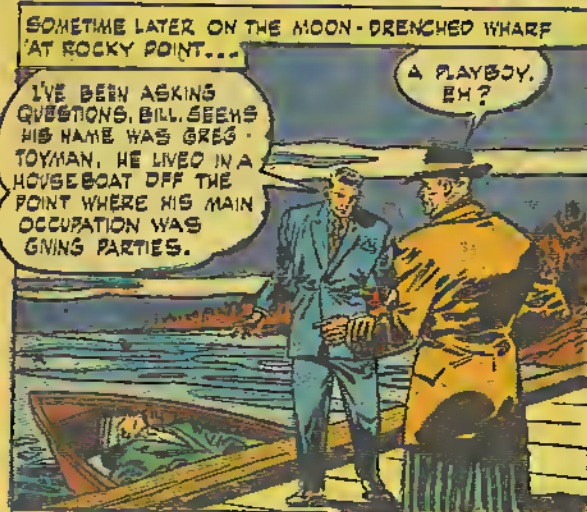


SHOT IN THE CHEST!
CLOTHES DRY... WAIT!
HIS SHIRT... SOAKING
WET! FUNNY... VERY
FUNNY!



BETTER BUZZ BILL
WILLIAMS AND TIP
HIM OFF ABOUT THIS.
I'LL TOW THE BOAT TO
THE WHARF. YOU SNAG
A TAXI, GERTIE, AND
TODDLE HOME.

HOME? GEE WHIZ...
MACK! I'M STILL
YOUR SECRETARY!
OH... DARN! I NEVER
HAVE FUN!



SOMETIME LATER ON THE MOON-DRENCHED WHARF
AT ROCKY POINT...

A PLAYBOY,
EH?

I'VE BEEN ASKING
QUESTIONS, BILL. SEEMS
HIS NAME WAS GREG
TOYMAN. HE LIVED IN A
HOUSEBOAT OFF THE
POINT WHERE HIS MAIN
OCCUPATION WAS
GIVING PARTIES.



HAVE TO TAKE A
LOOK AROUND THAT
HOUSEBOAT. I PHONED
THE EX-MRS TOYMAN
FOR PERMISSION.

COULD THIS BE
THE WIDOW?



OF COURSE YOU CAN GO
OUT TO THE HOUSEBOAT.
LIEUTENANT. AS A
MATTER OF FACT, I'LL
BE GLAD TO TAKE BOTH
OF YOU!

NICE AND
COOPERATIVE,
EH BILL?

YEAHH!



ON THE HOUSEBOAT.

WHO'S
THIS?

BETTY ISLIP, MY
HUSBAND'S SECRETARY.
MY EX-HUSBAND HAD
A DEFINITE YEN FOR
HER!

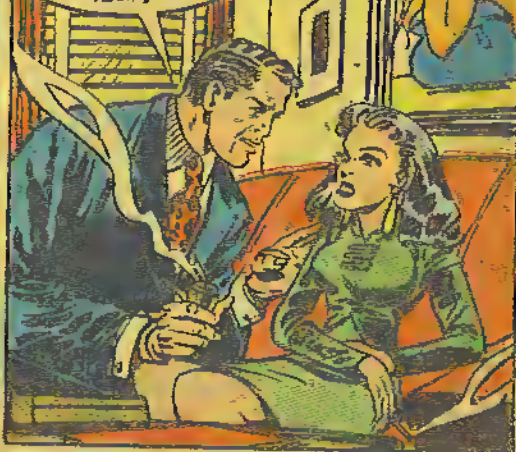


ER...YES..SOMETHING DID!
HE HAD TWO BITTER QUARRELS,
ONE WITH TED SLOAN, HIS PARTNER,
WHO ACCUSED HIM OF ER... CHEATING
IN BUSINESS. THE OTHER ALTERCATION
WAS WITH TIM MOORE... OVER
MISS BETTY ISLIP.



IF YOU MEANT THAT
PATTER ABOUT HIRING
ME, BABY... I REALLY
OUGHT TO FOLLOW UP
A HUNCH I HAVE....
BY VISITING MISS
ISLIP.

I MEANT IT, MACK,
AND TO PROVE
IT...



LATER, AT
BETTY ISLIP'S
APARTMENT...

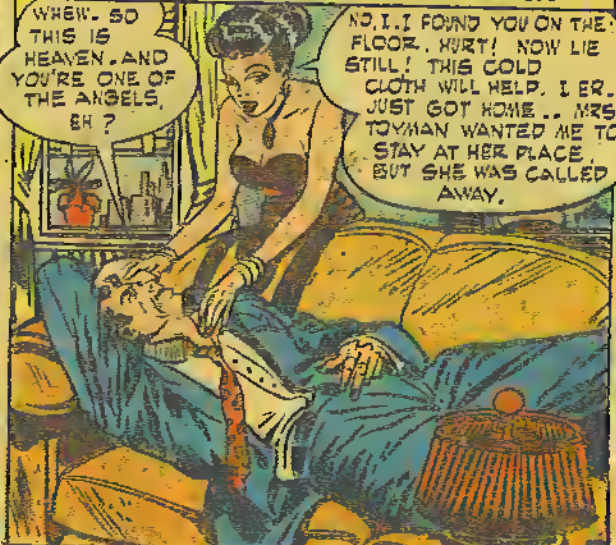
MMM! NOBODY ANSWERED.
DOOR'S NOT LOCKED, EITHER.
OH, WELL... GUESS I CAN WAIT
AROUND FOR BETTY ISLIP
TO SHOW.

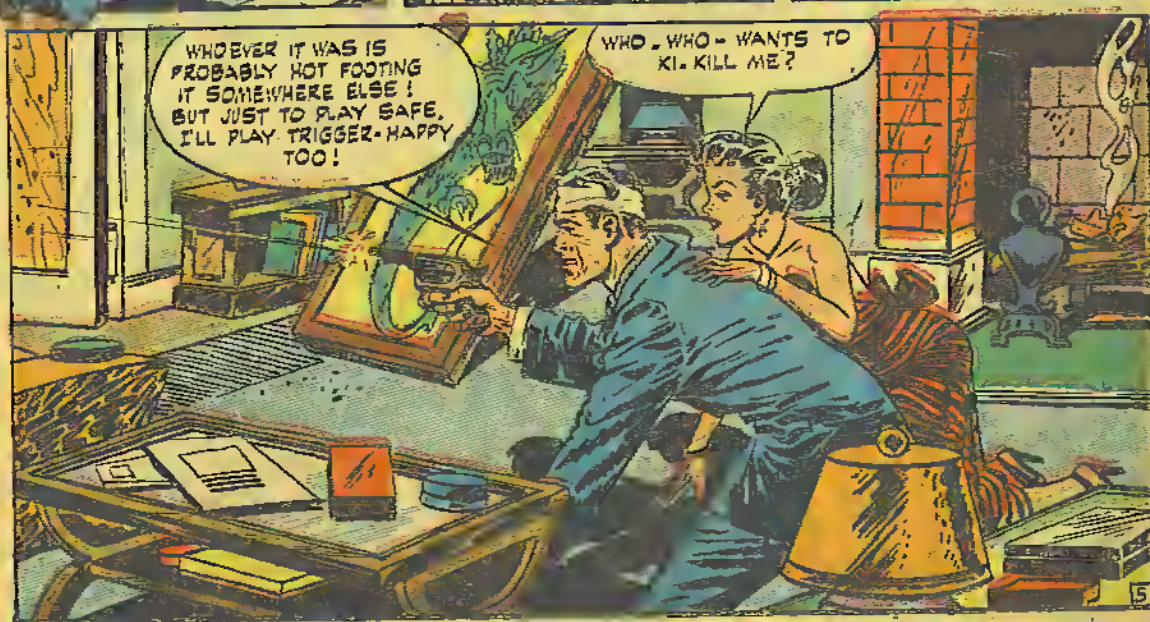
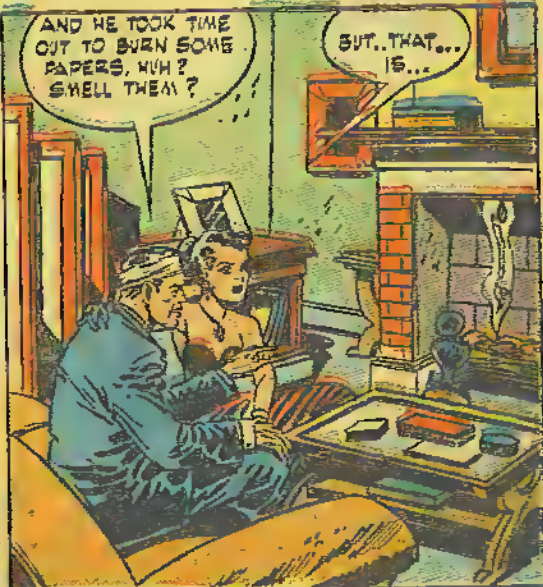


AS MACK MARTIN OPENS PAIN-GLAZED EYES....

WHEW. SO
THIS IS
HEAVEN. AND
YOU'RE ONE OF
THE ANGELS,
EH?

NO, I FOUND YOU ON THE
FLOOR. HURT! NOW LIE
STILL! THIS COLD
CLOTH WILL HELP. I ER.
JUST GOT HOME... MRS.
TOYMAN WANTED ME TO
STAY AT HER PLACE,
BUT SHE WAS CALLED
AWAY.







DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, SISTER. THAT SHOT WAS FOR ME! FROM THE DOORWAY THE WOULD-BE KILLER COULDN'T SEE YOU. YOU WERE HIDDEN BY THE SCREEN...

OH!!



I...I'M SCARED. SUPPOSE HE COMES BACK? MAYBE HE WON'T MISS THE NEXT TIME...

RELAX, BABY. I HAVE WORK TO DO. THE FACT THAT SOMEBODY SHOT AT ME IS A TIPOFF. IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO STAY....COME ALONG WITH ME!

AN HOUR LATER, IN MACK MARTIN'S LABORATORY...

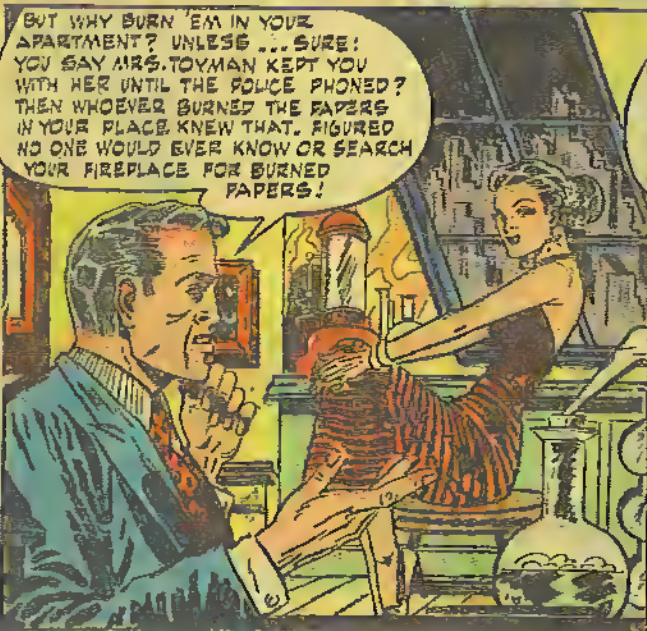


AFTER WETTING THESE CHARGED PAPERS WITH FIXATIVE, WE'LL GLUE THESE GLASS PLATES INTO A PRINTING FRAME. THEN WE'LL GET A PICTURE OF THE PAPER IN BLACK AND WHITE...



IT'S A LEDGER SHEET!

OH!! IT'S TED SLOAN'S HAND-WRITING! GREG THOUGHT HE WAS CHEATING THE FIRM. IT LOOKS AS IF SLOAN IS THE GUILTY PARTY!



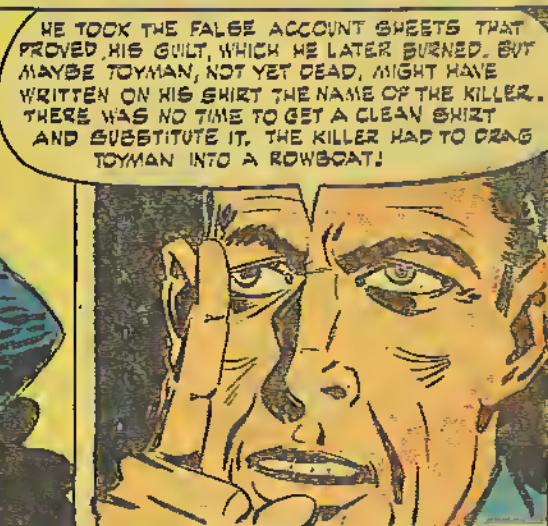
BUT WHY BURN 'EM IN YOUR APARTMENT? UNLESS...SURE! YOU SAY MRS. TOYMAN KEPT YOU WITH HER UNTIL THE POLICE PHONED? THEN WHOEVER BURNED THE PAPERS IN YOUR PLACE KNEW THAT. FIGURED NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW OR SEARCH YOUR FIREPLACE FOR BURNED PAPERS!



AS DAWN TINTS THE STREETS OF THE CITY...

GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU, BILL. SLOAN WAS FALSIFYING THE RECORD BOOKS ON TOYMAN. I FOUND THE CHARGED REMNANTS IN MISS ISLIP'S FIREPLACE...

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



NEXT AFTERNOON...

THOUGHT I'D BETTER
MAKE A REPORT TO
YOU. WE'RE MAKING
PROGRESS. BETTY HUP
IS DEFINITELY
IMPLICATED...
BUT WE HAVE TO GET
PROOF.

OH? HOW
WILL YOU DO
THAT?

I WAS COUNTING ON YOU
TO HELP ME. IF YOU THREW
A PARTY AND I BROUGHT
HER TO IT!... I'VE AN IDEA
THAT I CAN BREAK HER
INTO A CONFESSION.

THAT NIGHT AT THE 'SURPRISE'
PARTY...

WHAT-
EVER
YOU SAY,
MACK!

TIME FOR OUR
LITTLE GAME,
GWEN. I'M ALL
SET FOR THE
BARBER ROLE

SOUNDS
LIKE A SILLY
GAME, BUT...
GO AHEAD,
MACK!

YOU'RE
FIRST,
BABY!

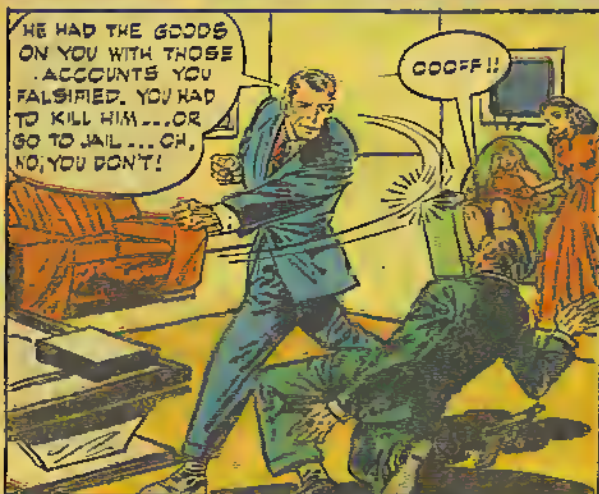
TEE...
HEE...

MR. SLOAN,
JUST A SNIP...
EASY! IT'S JUST
FOR A NEW
GAME!

HA! HA!
GO RIGHT
AHEAD,
MACK!

DON'T YOU
DARE SPOIL
MY HAIRDO!

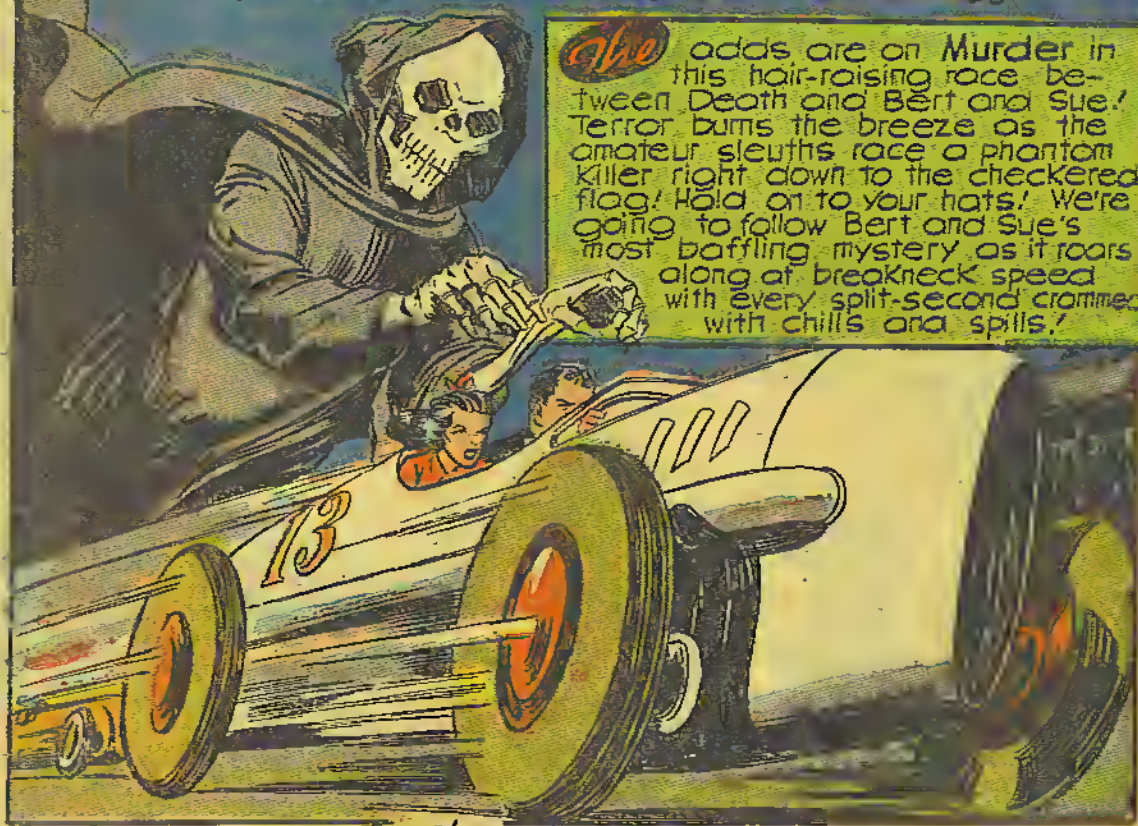
WELL, BETTY
OL' GIRL, HERE
GOES...



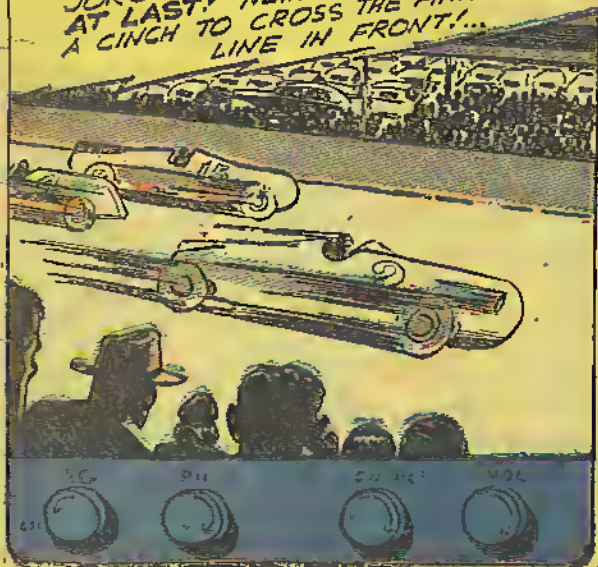
BERT AND SUE

IN "SATAN SCORCHES THE TRACK!"

The odds are on Murder in this hair-raising race between Death and Bert and Sue! Terror burns the breeze as the amateur sleuths race a phantom killer right down to the checkered flag! Hold on to your hats! We're going to follow Bert and Sue's most baffling mystery as it roars along at breakneck speed with every split-second crammed with chills and spills!



HOLD YOUR BREATH, FOLKS!
AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF
RACING, IT LOOKS LIKE POP
JORGENS, HAS A WINNER
AT LAST! NUMBER TWO IS
A CINGH TO CROSS THE FINISH
LINE IN FRONT!...



GREAT SCOTT!
HE'LL BE KILLED!
HE'S WIDE OPEN
AT 100 MILES
PER!

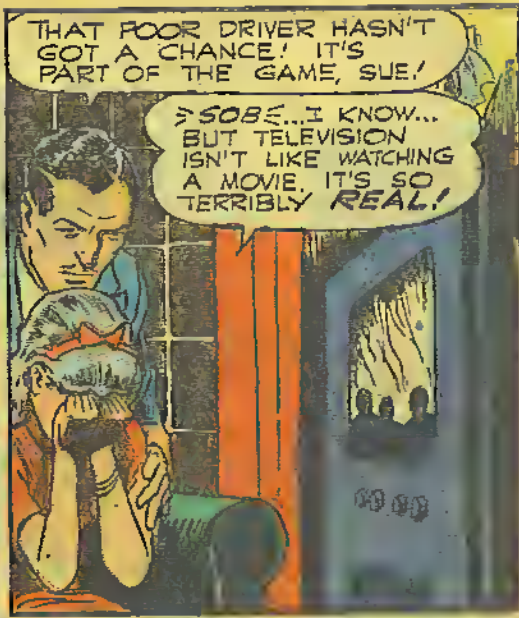
NO! NO!
PULL
OUT!
PULL
OUT!





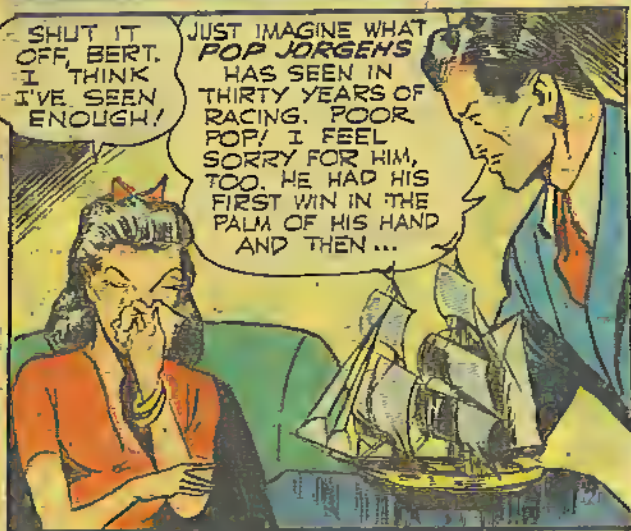
AND THERE'S THE FIRST ACCIDENT IN THE FAMOUS SPEEDWAYS HANDICAP!

H-HOW AWFUL!



THAT POOR DRIVER HASN'T GOT A CHANCE! IT'S PART OF THE GAME, SUE!

>SOBE...I KNOW... BUT TELEVISION ISN'T LIKE WATCHING A MOVIE. IT'S SO TERRIBLY REAL!



SHUT IT OFF, BERT. I THINK I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

JUST IMAGINE WHAT **POP JORGENS** HAS SEEN IN THIRTY YEARS OF RACING. POOR POP! I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, TOO. HE HAD HIS FIRST WIN IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND AND THEN ...



TELL YOU WHAT, SUSIE! LET'S GO OUT AND CHEER POP UP. I MET HIM YEARS AGO WHEN I SKETCHED SPORTS FOR THE SPORT PAGES!

OKAY, HONEY. I'M YOURS TO COMMAND!

LATER...ON THE HIGHWAY TO ZENOPOLIS... MECCA OF AMERICAN AUTO RACING...

POP'S REGISTERED AT THE ZENOPOLIS HOTEL. WE CAN PUT UP THERE, HONEY, AND TAKE IN THE REST OF THE RACES!

I HOPE POP HAS BETTER LUCK!

YOU HEARD ME - NO ACCIDENT CAN STOP POP JORGENS! SMILEY ROGERS WILL HOOK HER IN HIGH FOR ME TOMORROW, RIGHT, SMILEY?

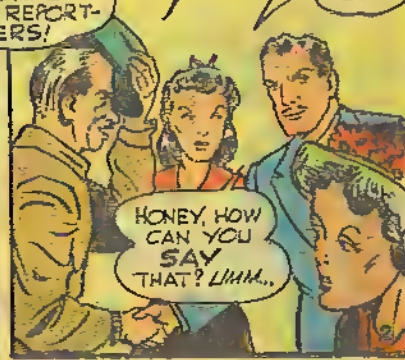
YOU BET, POP! FRED HAD BAD LUCK, THAT'S ALL!

I ALWAYS KNEW BERT HAD AN EYE FOR A PRETTY GIRL, BUT HE MUST'VE HAD **BOTH** EYES OPEN WHEN HE HOOKED YOU, MA'AM!

DON'T WORRY, POP... THAT EYE OF BERT'S NEVER SLEEPS WHEN A PRETTY GAL WALKS BY!

THERE'S POP NOW, SUE, ... THAT OLD BOY SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS!

HONEY, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? UMM...



I'LL **LOSE!**
THAT EYE ONE
OF THESE
DAYS... WITH
A SKILLET!

OUCH! POP,
HOW'D THAT
ACCIDENT
HAPPEN?

IT WAS NO
ACCIDENT!
IT WAS
MURDER!

THAT'S SPEED SORGIN, THE DIRTI-
EST OPERATOR IN THE GAME.
SPEED WOULD STOP AT NOTHIN'
TO WIN. JUST LOOK AT HIM LAUGH!



I HEAR YER
RACE AGAIN
TOMORROW, POP.
A GUY WITH
THIRTY YEARS
BAD LUCK GOT
A CHANCE FOR
NOTHIN' BUT
CRACK UPS!
HEH-HEH!

WHAT A
CREEP HE
IS! I
WONDER...

UH-UH! SORGIN
COULDN'T KILL
TUMAY OR DAM-
AGE POP'S CAR
BY **REMOTE
CONTROL.**

I AIN'T NO
DETECTIVE, BERT.
BUT I'M SURE
SORGIN HAD
SOMETHIN' TO
DO WITH IT.

**THE NEXT DAY AT
FAMOUS SPEEDWAYS...**

PSST, BERT... THAT'S
"CASH" HIRE'S, THE
DIRTIEST BOOKIE
FROM HIALEAH TO
SANTA ANITA. HE'S
GIVING THE LONGEST
ODDS THAT POP DOESN'T
WIN!

LET'S SEE
WHAT MAKES
HIM SO
SURE?



HOW COME
YOU'RE GIVING
10 TO 1 ODDS
AGAINST POP
JORGENS WHEN
THE OFFICIAL
QUOTATION IS
ONLY 4
TO 1?

MAYBE HE HAS IT
FIXED SO HE
CAN'T LOSE.
HUH, CASH?

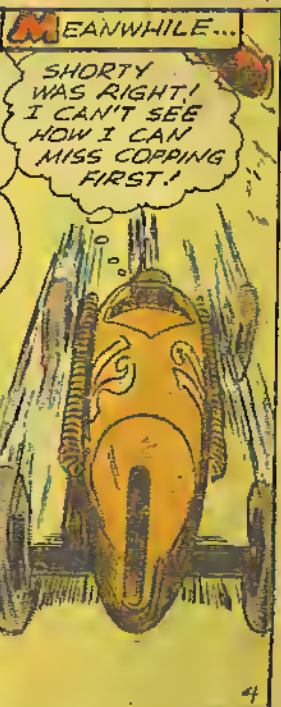
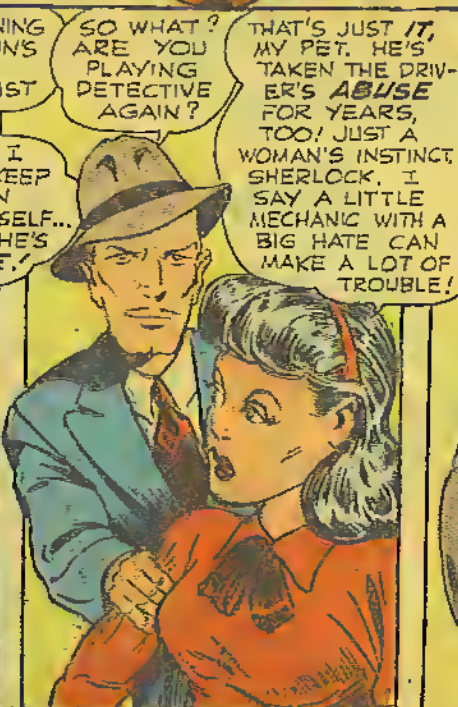
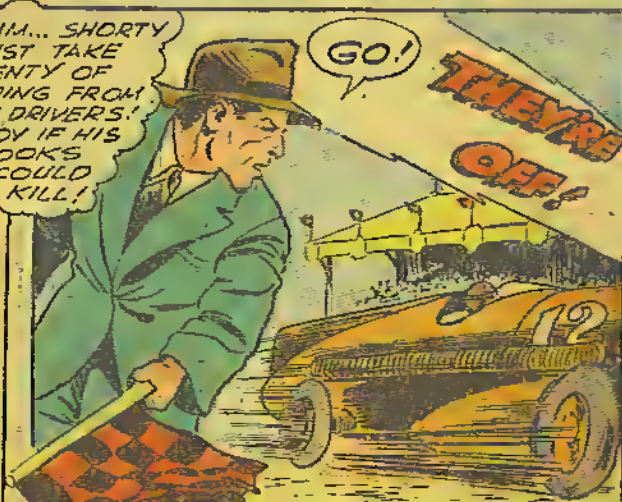
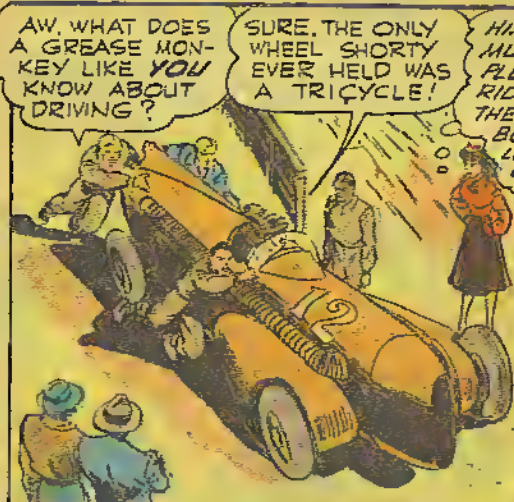
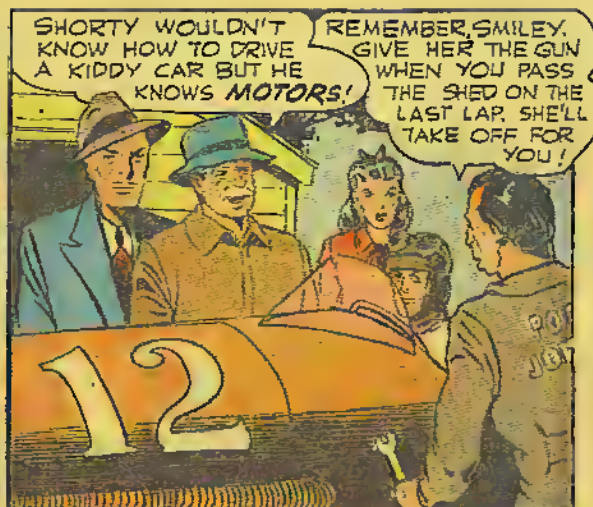
LADY LUCK DOES
ALL THE FIXIN'
FOR ME, BABY!

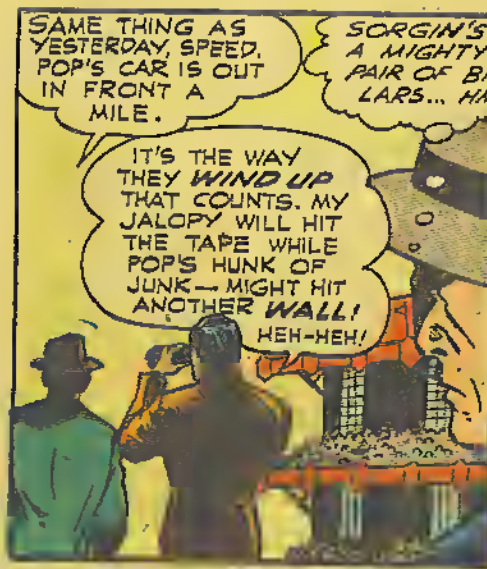
BETTIN' AGAINST POP AIN'T
A GAMBLE, IT'S A **SURE
THING!** HOW MANY MILLIONS
SHALL I PUT YOU DOWN FOR,
BUDDY?

I ONLY CARRY
SMALL CHANGE!
BUT IF YOU
TRY TO RIG
THIS RACE
AGAINST POP
YOU'LL WIND UP
WITH A MILLION
YEARS IN JAIL!

LET'S GO, BERT.
THIS ISN'T MY
SLUMMING
DAY!





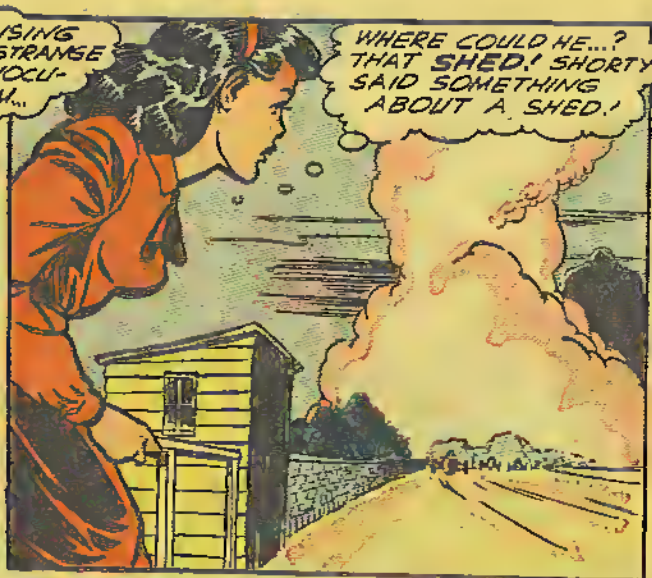


SAME THING AS YESTERDAY, SPEED. POP'S CAR IS OUT IN FRONT A MILE.

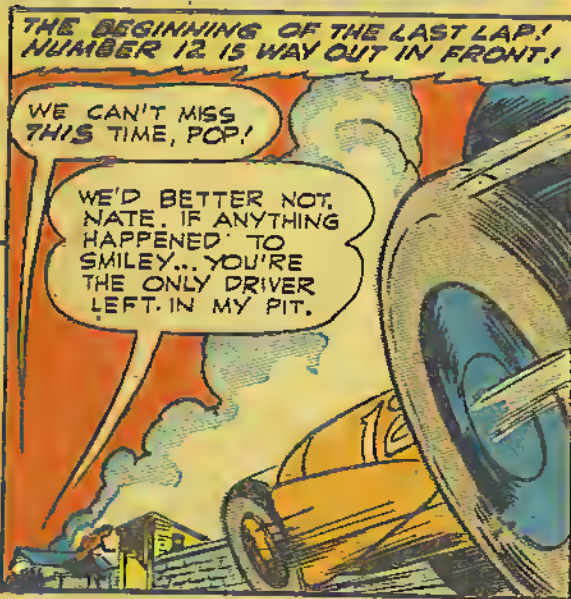
IT'S THE WAY THEY WIND UP THAT COUNTS. MY JALOPY WILL HIT THE TAPE WHILE POP'S HUNK OF JUNK—MIGHT HIT ANOTHER WALL!

HEH-HEH!

SORGIN'S USING A MIGHTY STRANGE PAIR OF BINOCULARS... HMM...



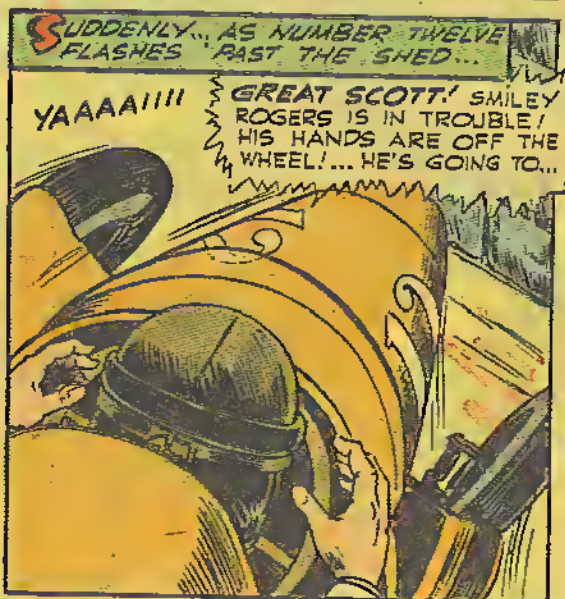
WHERE COULD HE...? THAT SHED! SHORTY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SHED!



THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST LAP! NUMBER 12 IS WAY OUT IN FRONT!

WE CAN'T MISS THIS TIME, POP!

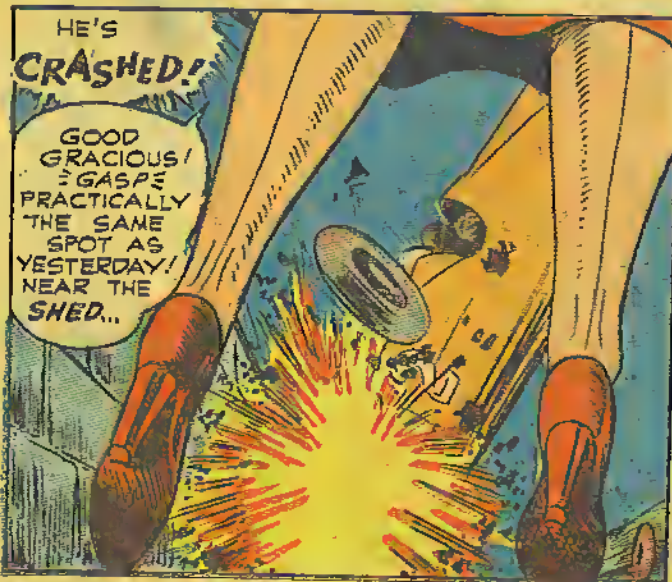
WE'D BETTER NOT, NATE. IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO SMILEY... YOU'RE THE ONLY DRIVER LEFT IN MY PIT.



SUDDENLY... AS NUMBER TWELVE FLASHES PAST THE SHED...

YAAAAAIIII

GREAT SCOTT! SMILEY ROGERS IS IN TROUBLE! HIS HANDS ARE OFF THE WHEEL!... HE'S GOING TO...



HE'S CRASHED!

GOOD GRACIOUS! GASPE PRACTICALLY THE SAME SPOT AS YESTERDAY! NEAR THE SHED...



SECONDS LATER... INSIDE THE SHED...

1800 ... 1900 ... TWO GRAND. THAT'S IT, SHORTY!

A TIE-IN AT LAST! CASH HIRES PAYING SHORTY OFF! FOR SERVICES RENDERED...!



WELL, POP?
WHO'LL BE
YOUR GREASE-
MONKEY NOW?

ME! AIN'T NOTHIN'
ABOUT MOTORS
I DON'T KNOW.
NATE WILL HAVE
A BREEZE-IN
TOMORROW.

I DON'T
THINK SO,
POP. I'M
NOT GOING
TO RACE.
I CAN'T
AFFORD TO.

I'M MARRIED... WITH TWO KIDS. WHETHER
IT'S YOUR LUCK OR WHETHER SOME-
BODY'S MURDERIN' YOUR DRIVERS, I
AIN'T STICKIN' MY NECK OUT TO FIND
OUT. SORRY, POP!

I CAN'T BLAME YOU, NATE.
WHOMEVER'S KILLIN' OFF
MY BOYS WILL GO
AFTER THE THIRD
ONE.

MEANING
ME!

ARE YOU
NUTS? YOU
COULDN'T
WIN A SOAP
BOX DERBY!

SHE'S JUST A
NATURAL WORRY.
WART, POP SEE
YOU TOMORROW!

DON'T TELL
ME YOU'RE
GOING TO
PUT YOUR
FINGER ON
THE KILLER!
YOU'LL PUT
YOUR FOOT
IN THE GRAVE!

I'M GLAD YOU
DISPLAY SUCH
CONFIDENCE
IN ME, DEAREST.
FOR THAT I'LL TAKE
YOU TO THE MOVIES.
HMM... WE'LL JUST
ABOUT MAKE IT!

AN HOUR LATER...

JUDGE, THIS
IS MY WIFE!
SHE EXPECTS
TO BE A
WIDOW
TOMORROW!

EXPECT?
I'M **LOOKING**
FORWARD
TO IT! HMM...

WE'RE READY
TO RUN THE
OFFICIAL
RACE PIC-
TURES, BERT!

AS THE JUDGE RUNS OFF REEL AFTER REEL...

THAT **SHED'S** GOT
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE KILLINGS!

THOSE MEN
SEEM TO
BE GOING
THROUGH
AGONY!
NOTHING ELSE
WOULD MAKE
THEM LET GO
OF THE WHEEL!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

CAN'T SLEEP EITHER,
EH, BERT? I'M WOR-
RIED ABOUT TOMORROW
... ABOUT... DO YOU
HEAR ME? OR
ARE YOU STILL
COUNTING SHEEP?

SHEEP?
I'M COUNT-
ING
SUSPECTS!
FOUR OF
THEM. ANY
ONE OF THEM
MAY BE THE
KILLER!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

WELL, HONEY, AT LEAST YOU DREW A CAR WITH A LUCKY NUMBER...

SHE'S LUCKY INSIDE, TOO! TIP-TOP! BUT BERT STILL DON'T HAVE TO RACE HER, WINNIN' A RACE AIN'T WORTH LOSIN' A LIFE!

NONSENSE, POP. HAVE YOU GOT A SPARE UNIFORM? I GUESS NATE'S ABOUT MY SIZE!

HERE'S YOUR HELMET.

THANKS, POP. BYE, SUE. SEE YOU IN THE MORGUE. YOU'LL RECOGNIZE ME BY THE PINK TAG ON MY TOE!

DON'T EVEN JOKE ABOUT IT, YOU DOPE!

POP, I MUST GET DOWN TO THE SHED BEFORE THE LAST LAP! I'VE A HUNCH THE SHED HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CRACK-UPS!

SURE, SUE. I'LL DRIVE YOU THERE!

THEY'RE OFF!
THEY'RE OFF!

LAP AFTER LAP WHIZZES BY AS BERT BURNS UP THE TRACK! FACES WHIZ BY HIM, TOO! FACES OF MEN WITH MURDER ON THEIR MINDS!

TALK ABOUT HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF! POP JORGENSEN'S CAR NO. 11 IS RUNNING AWAY WITH THE RACE AS USUAL!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! EGULPE... LAST LAP COMING UP! TH-THAT'S WHERE ALL THE TROUBLE BEGINS!

THERE'S NOTHING HERE, POP... NOTHING THAT COULD HARM BERT!

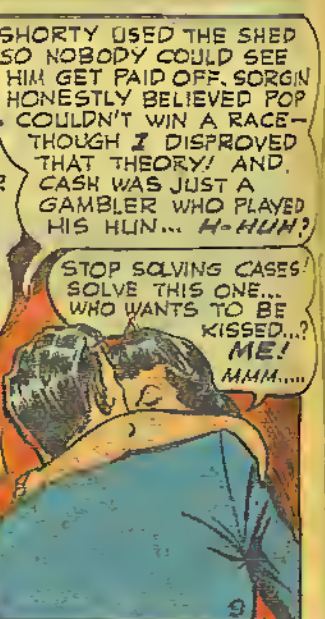
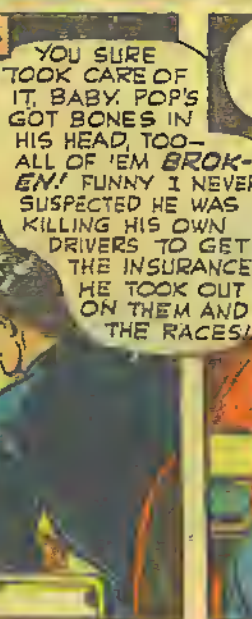
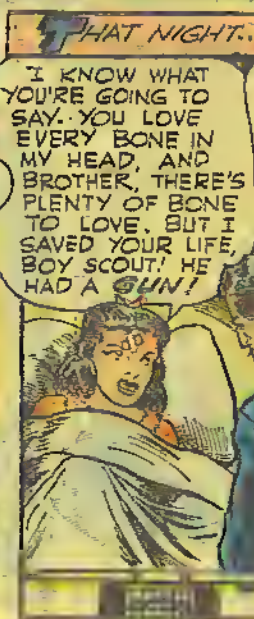
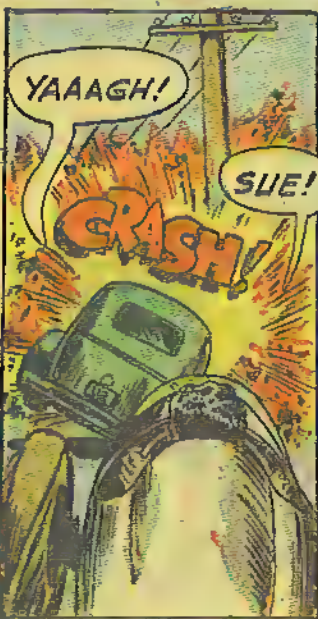
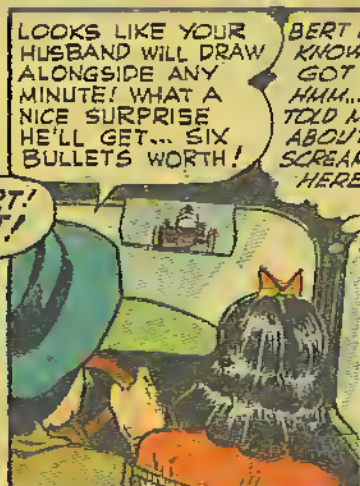
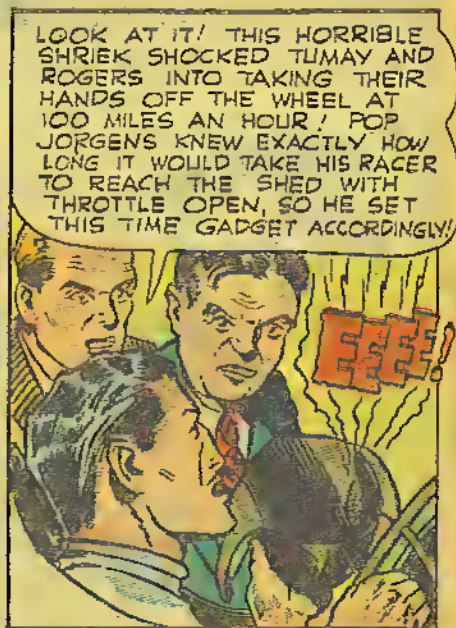
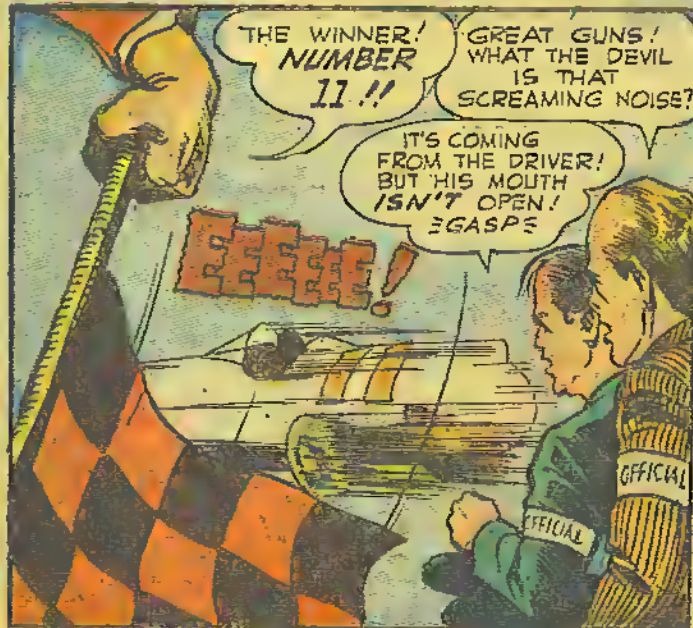
HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE MAKING THE TURN FOR THE LAST LAP!

SUDDENLY... AS THE SHED COMES UP... A SHRIEK LIKE A THOUSAND BANSHEES HOWLING AT ONCE!

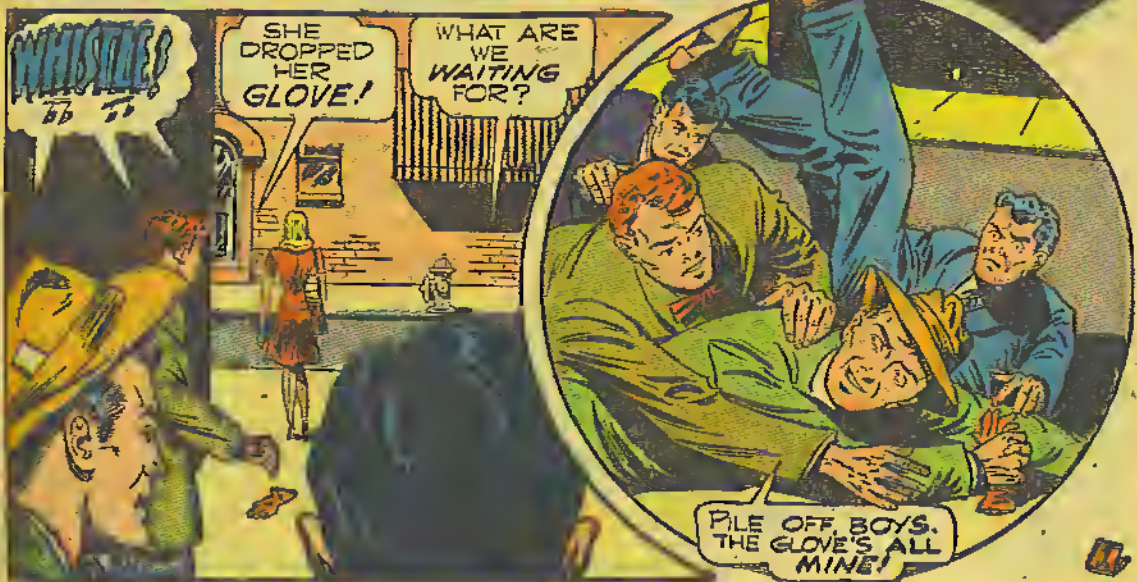
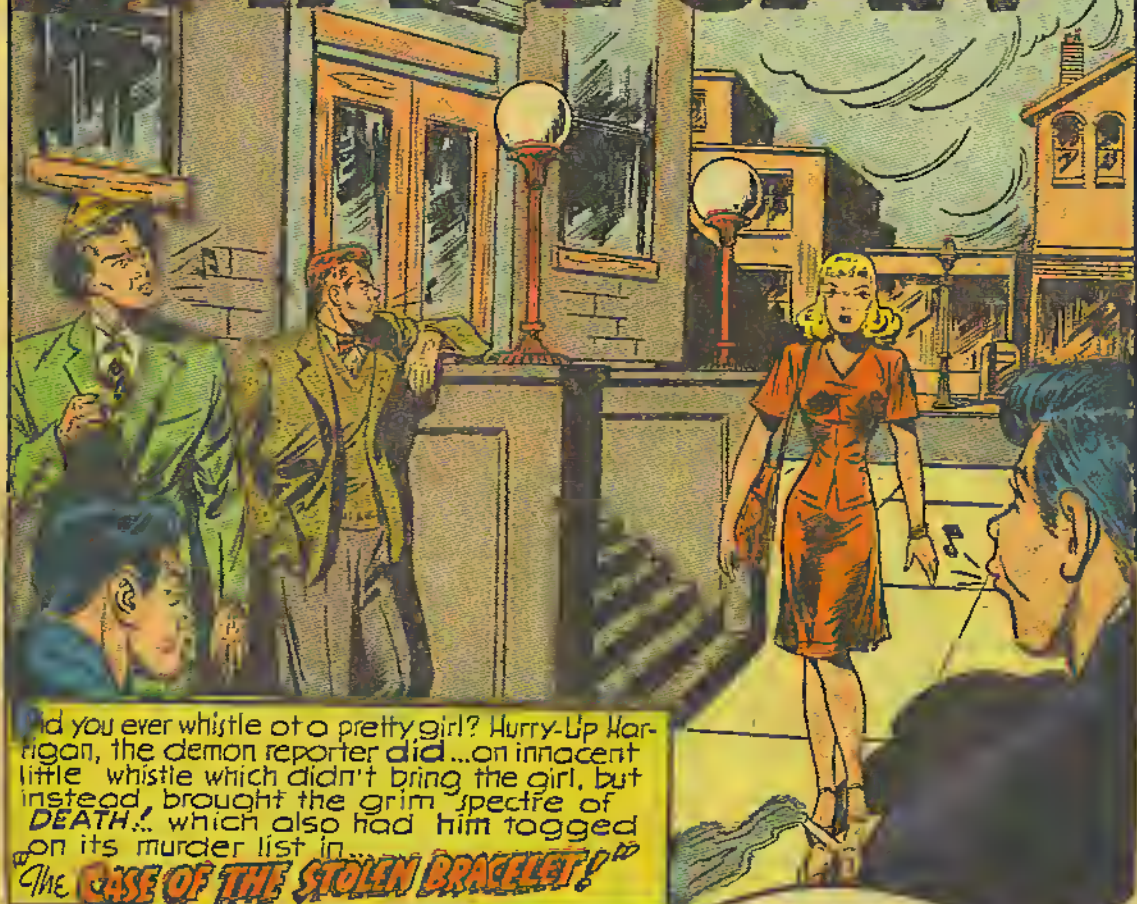
THAT'S IT! GREAT SCOTT! I MUSTN'T TAKE MY HANDS OFF THE WHEEL... I MUSTN'T!

HE MADE IT! BERT'S GOING ON TO WIN!

GET YOUR HANDS UP AND GET INTO THE CAR OUTSIDE! I MEAN BUSINESS... JUST AS I'VE MEANT IT ALL ALONG!

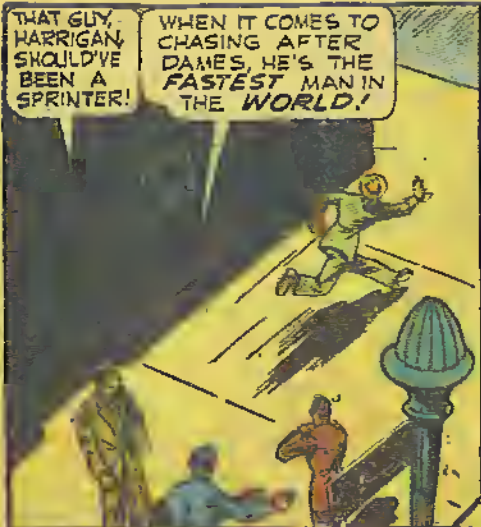


HURRY-UP HARRIGAN



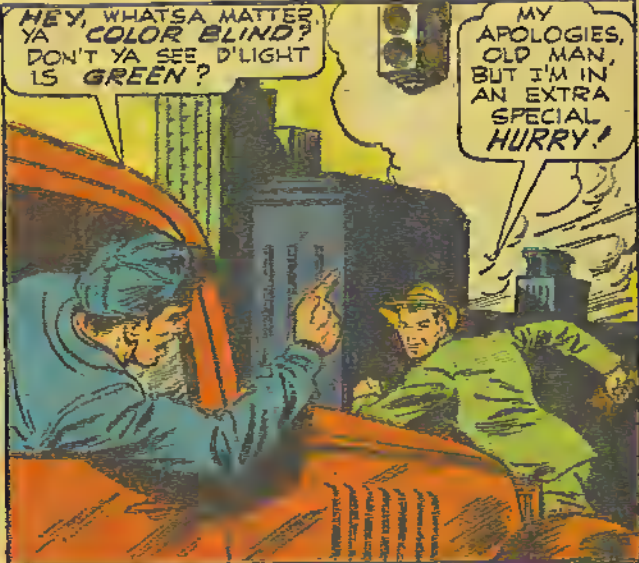
THAT GUY,
HARRIGAN,
SHOULD'VE
BEEN A
SPRINTER!

WHEN IT COMES TO
CHASING AFTER
DAMES, HE'S THE
FASTEST MAN IN
THE WORLD!



HEY, WHATSA MATTER,
YA **COLOR BLIND?**
DON'T YA SEE D'LIGHT
IS **GREEN?**

MY
APOLOGIES,
OLD MAN,
BUT I'M IN
AN EXTRA
SPECIAL
HURRY!



HEY, WATCH
WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING!

OOPS!

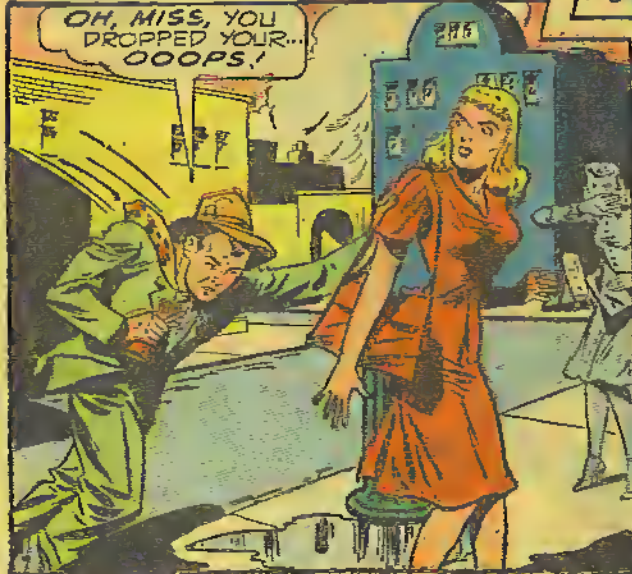


EEEEK!
LOOK
OUT!

AWFUL
SORRY, PAL!
YOU SHOULDN'T
BE SO
CLUMSY!

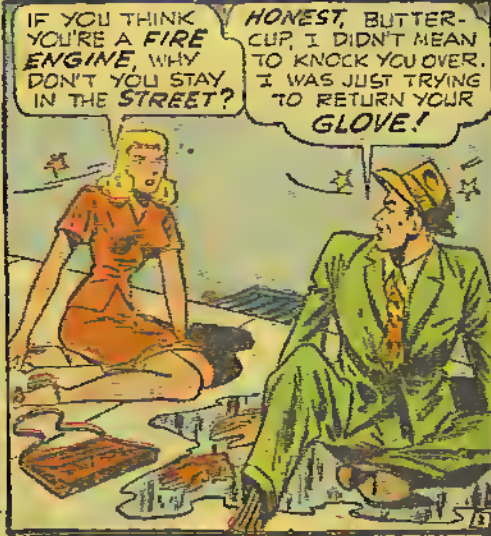


OH, MISS, YOU
DROPPED YOUR...
OOPPS!



IF YOU THINK
YOU'RE A **FIRE
ENGINE**, WHY
DON'T YOU STAY
IN THE **STREET?**

HONEST, BUTTER-
CUP, I DIDN'T MEAN
TO KNOCK YOU OVER.
I WAS JUST TRYING
TO RETURN YOUR
GLOVE!





SEE...
HERE
IT IS!

SUCH NERVE! MY
GLOVE IS RUINED!



YOU GOT ME ALL
WRONG, DREAMBOAT!
I DIDN'T KNOCK IT
OUT OF YOUR HAND,
I JUST RAN HALF A
MILE TO... OUCH!

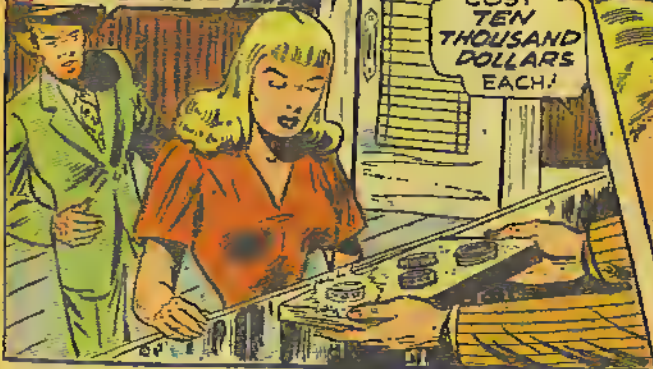
TAKE THAT,
FRESH GUY!
NOW SCRAM
BEFORE I
CALL A COP!

HURRY-UP HARRIGAN NEVER GIVES UP!

YOU'RE THE MOST
STUBBORN DAME I
EVER MET! WHY
GET SORE? I WAS
ONLY TRYING TO RE-
TURN YOUR GLOVE!

I WANT A VERY EXPEN-
SIVE BRACELET!
IS THIS ALL
YOU HAVE?

BUT
MADAM,
THESE
COST
TEN
THOUSAND
DOLLARS
EACH!



OKAY, YOU!
OPEN THE
SAFE!

B-B-BUT THERE'S
N-N-NOTHING IN
THE SAFE!



HELP! POLICE!
HELP!

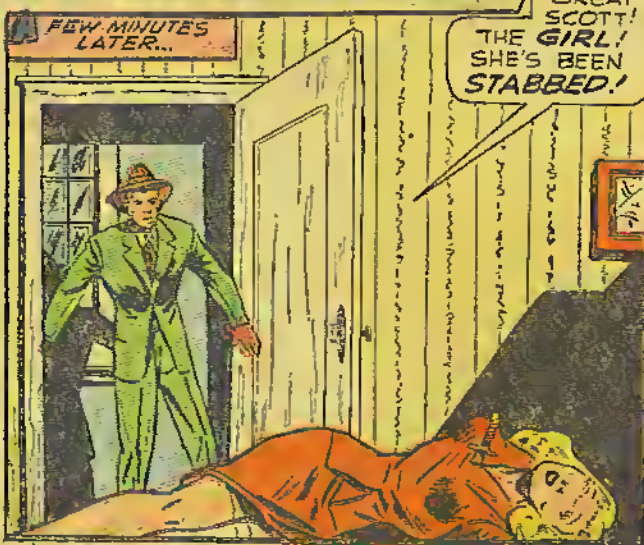
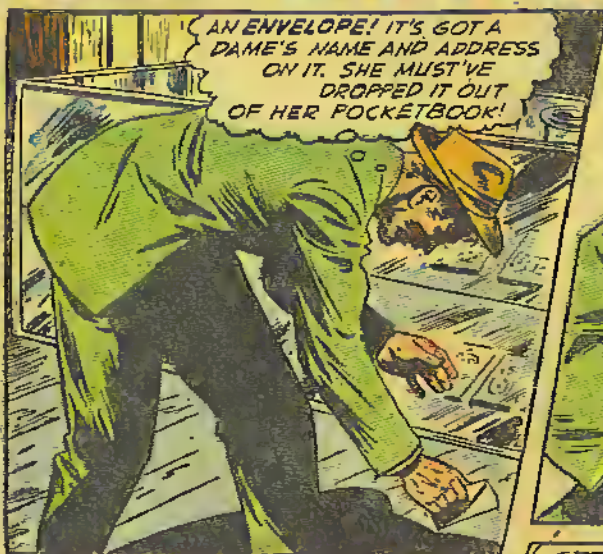
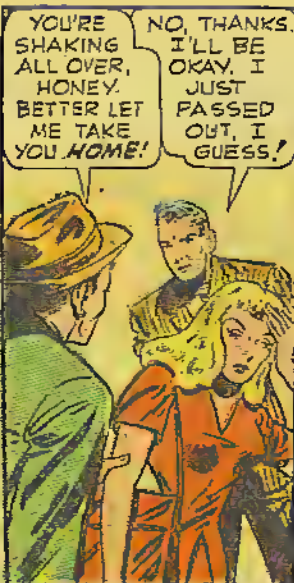


SUDDENLY...

UP WITH YOUR HANDS, EVERY-
BODY. THIS IS A HOLD-UP!
DON'T NOBODY OPEN HIS TRAP
OR I SHOOT'S T' KILL!



I TOLD YA T' KEEP YER TRAP
SHUT! MAYBE A DOSE OF
LEAD WILL CLOSE IT FOR
YA!



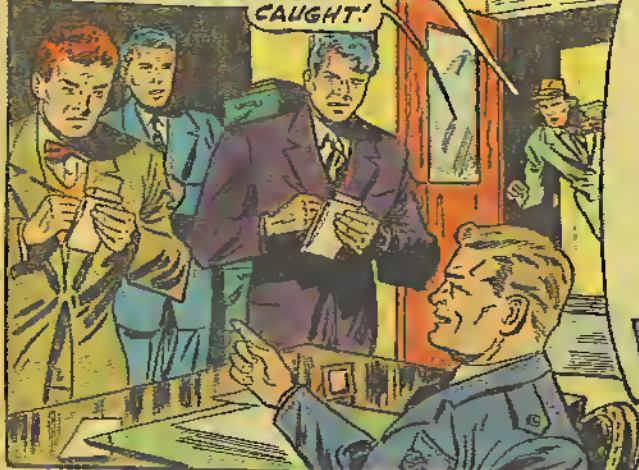
LATER, AT THE POLICE STATION...

TELL YOUR PAPERS THE
JEWELRY STORE
THIEF IS AS GOOD AS

CAUGHT!

SERGEANT, THERE'S
BEEN A JEWELRY
ROBBERY AND
MURDER!

HO! HO! SO THERE'S BEEN A
MURDER! WE GOT THE NEWS ON THAT
FAKE JEWELRY STORE SHOOTIN' AN
HOUR AGO. HURRY UP AND GET BORN,
HARRIGAN! I GOTTA TELL THE
LIEUTENANT
THIS ONE!



GIVE UP, HARRIGAN. THAT JEWELRY
ROBBERY IS ANCIENT HISTORY.
IF YOU'D SPEND LESS TIME CHAS-
ING DAMES, MAYBE YOU'D BE
ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THE
NEWS!

SO, YOU
CHARACTERS
KNOW ALL
ABOUT IT,
EH?



I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! ASK
THE GUY TO LEAVE THE
BRACELET AND COME BACK
IN AN HOUR. TELL HIM YOU
NEED TO EXAMINE IT!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS?
MIDTOWN JEWELRY APPRAISERS
CALLING. THERE'S A MAN HERE
WHO MATCHES THE RADIO DE-
SCRIPTION OF THE JEWELRY
STORE THIEF. HE WANTS
TO SELL A DIAMOND
BRACELET. CAN
YOU COME RIGHT
OVER?



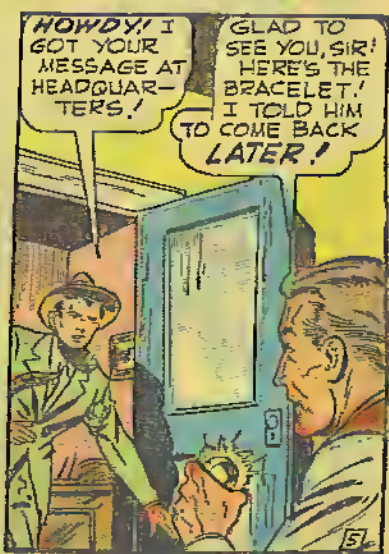
THAT WAS
YOUR WIFE,
SARGE!
SHE WANTS
YOU HOME
EARLY!

MY WIFE?
B-BUT SHE'S
OUT OF
TOWN!
JUMPIN'
JALOPIES!
IS SHE
BACK?



HOWDY! I
GOT YOUR
MESSAGE AT
HEADQUAR-
TERS!

GLAD TO
SEE YOU, SIR!
HERE'S THE
BRACELET!
I TOLD HIM
TO COME BACK
LATER!





THERE'S ONE **DIAMOND** MISSING! IF THE ONE I HAVE FITS...



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. THIS **DIAMOND** BELONGS TO THE **BRACELET**!

IN THAT CASE, WE'RE GONNA PIN A **MURDER** ON THE GUY WHO BROUGHT IN THE **BRACELET**! HE OUGHT TO RETURN ANY MINUTE. TELL HIM THE **BRACELET** IS A **FAKE**!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? THIS PIECE IS WORTH ABOUT **TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS**!

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW IT! YOU TELL HIM IT'S NOT WORTH **FIFTY GENTS** AND I'LL DO THE REST!

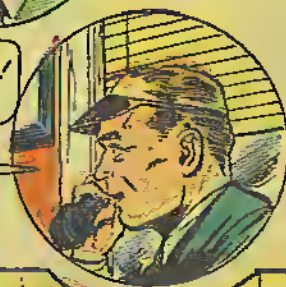


WHEN THE **KILLER** GETS THE **BAD NEWS** HE'LL BE HERE! I BETTER CALL THE **POLICE**!

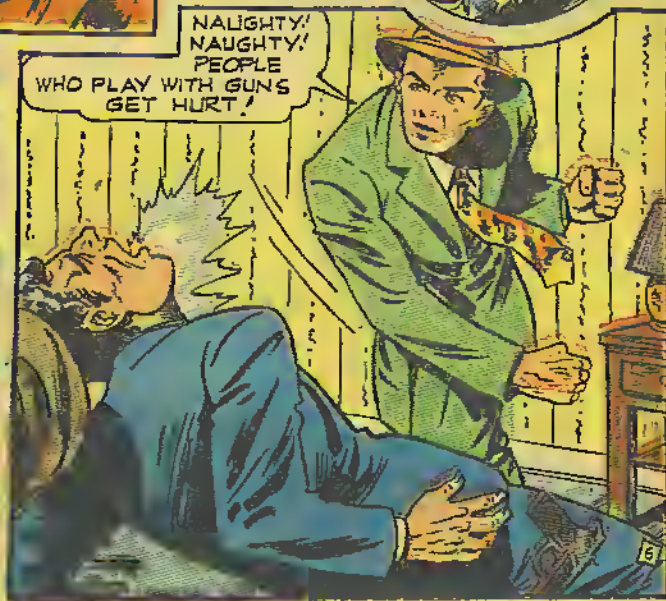


HELLO, **CHIEF**? HARRIGAN SPEAKING. KEEP THE **PRESSES** OPEN FOR AN **EXTRA**! OH... OH! HOLD ON. SOMEBODY'S COMING!

HELLO, HELLO! THAT GUY WILL DRIVE ME **NUTS**! WHAT IN **BLAZES** IS HE UP TO NOW?



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, **BUB**. YOU WON'T FIND IT THERE. THE **BRACELET** YOU WANT IS RIGHT IN YOUR **POCKET**!



NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY! PEOPLE WHO PLAY WITH **GUNS** GET HURT!

AT THE POLICE STATION...

HARRIGAN
PHONED! HE
CLAIMS HE JUST
SOLVED A
MURDER!

IS THAT GUY
HAVING
PIPE DREAMS
AGAIN?

MAYBE WE
BETTER HAVE
A LOOK.
HARRIGAN'S
JUST DUMB
ENOUGH TO
BE TELLING
THE TRUTH!

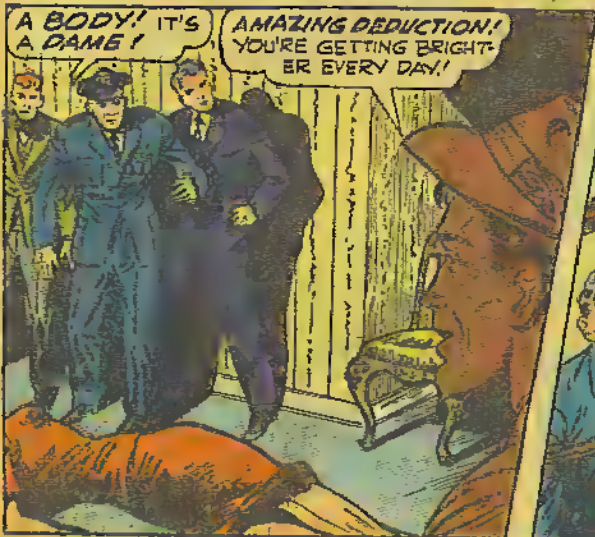


WHAT'S THE CAPER, HARRIGAN?
IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR
CORNY JOKES I'LL HAVE
YOU THROWN IN THE POKE!

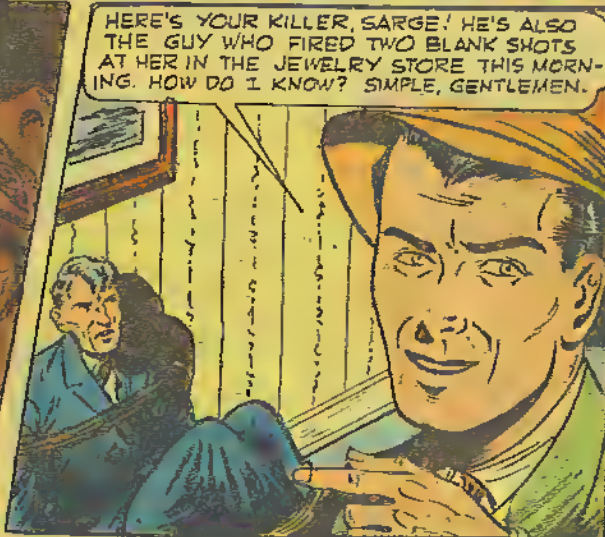


A BODY! IT'S
A DAME!

AMAZING DEDUCTION!
YOU'RE GETTING BRIGHT-
ER EVERY DAY!



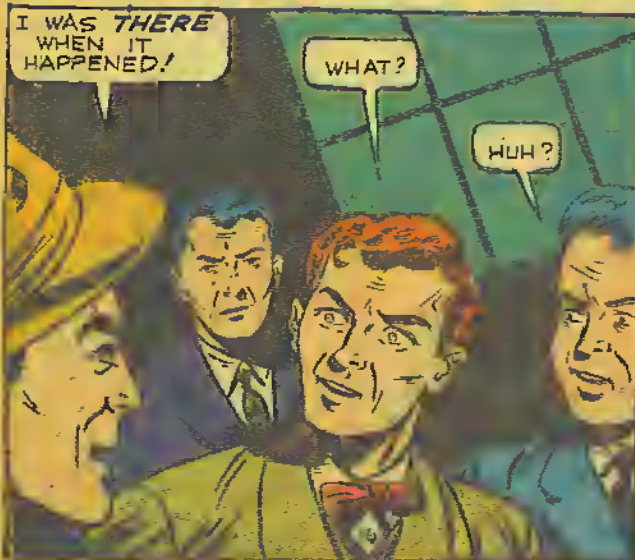
HERE'S YOUR KILLER, SARGE! HE'S ALSO
THE GUY WHO FIRED TWO BLANK SHOTS
AT HER IN THE JEWELRY STORE THIS MORN-
ING. HOW DO I KNOW? SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN.



I WAS THERE
WHEN IT
HAPPENED!

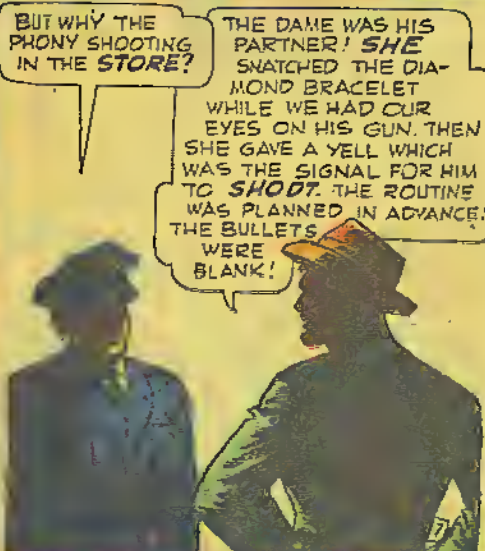
WHAT?

HUH?



BUT WHY THE
PHONY SHOOTING
IN THE STORE?

THE DAME WAS HIS
PARTNER! SHE
SNATCHED THE DIAM-
OND BRACELET
WHILE WE HAD OUR
EYES ON HIS GUN. THEN
SHE GAVE A YELL WHICH
WAS THE SIGNAL FOR HIM
TO SHOOT. THE ROUTINE
WAS PLANNED IN ADVANCE!
THE BULLETS
WERE BLANK!



THEN WHY DID HE
KILL THE DAME IN
HER OWN APARTMENT?

YOU GUYS ARE EVEN DUMBER
THAN YOU LOOK! THE TWO
PARTNERS MET HERE AFTER THE
ROBBERY. THEY HAD AN ARGU-
MENT OVER THE LOOT. SO THE
GUY DECIDED TO RUB OUT THE
DAME AND KEEP THE BRACE-
LET ALL FOR **HIMSELF!**

BUT WHEN THE KILLER TRIED TO SELL
THE BRACELET, I HAD THE APPRAISER
WHO WAS ON THE PHONE TELL HIM IT
WAS WORTHLESS. THINKING HE GRAB-
BED THE WRONG PIECE FROM THE
DAME, HE RETURNED HERE FOR ANOTHER
LOOK. RELAX, SARGE, YOUR WIFE'S
STILL OUT OF
TOWN!

HEY YOU GUYS,
DON'T WASTE YOUR
TIME! COME
BACK HERE!

THE STORY IS ALREADY ON THE STANDS!
DID YOU DEADBEATS THINK I'D CALL YOU AT
THE STATION HOUSE BEFORE PHONING THE
DAILY BLADE? HARRIGAN WASN'T BORN
YESTERDAY! HERE Y'ARE
GENTS, READ **ALL**
ABOUT IT!

Daily Blade
BLADEREPORTER
CAPTURES KILLER
AT SCENE OF CRIME
HARRIGAN ACE REPORTER
GIVES EXCLUSIVE VERSION

I'LL SEE YOU BEANHEADS LATER.
CALL ME UP WHEN YOU GET
FIRED. MAYBE WE CAN USE
SOME **COPY BOYS**
AT THE
DAILY BLADE!
HEH! HEH!

WHO-DUN-IT?



**AN INSPECTOR KEENE
MYSTERY!**

**JOSHUA
JORDAN
WAS IN
HIS STUDY
ONE NIGHT...**



WHEN SUDDENLY...



AAGH!

MOMENTS LATER...



**WHA?...
GOOD
HEAVENS!**



**HELLO?... INSPECTOR
KEENE? THIS IS
HIGGINS, THE
BUTLER AT THE
JORDAN MANSION!
MR. JORDAN
HAS BEEN
MURDERED!**

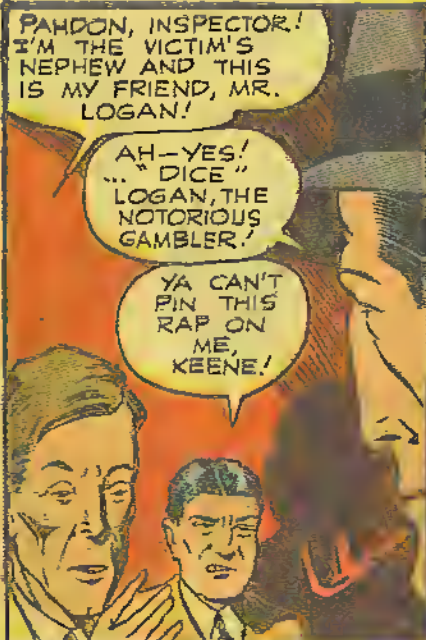
**WHAT!...
HOLD
EVERYTHING!
I'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER!**



PRESENTLY...

**YOU MENTIONED OVER
THE PHONE THAT MR.
JORDAN WAS MUR-
DERED! WHAT
MADE YOU
THINK SO,
HIGGINS?**

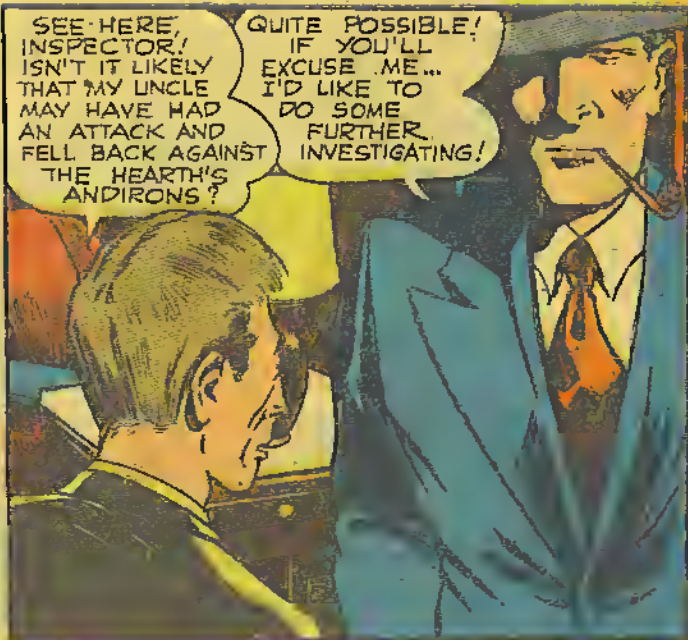
**WH-W-WHY,
I JUST
ASSUMED...**



PARDON, INSPECTOR!
I'M THE VICTIM'S
NEPHEW AND THIS
IS MY FRIEND, MR.
LOGAN!

AH—YES!
... "DICE"
LOGAN, THE
NOTORIOUS
GAMBLER!

YA CAN'T
PIN THIS
RAP ON
ME,
KEENE!



SEE HERE,
INSPECTOR!
ISN'T IT LIKELY
THAT MY UNCLE
MAY HAVE HAD
AN ATTACK AND
FELL BACK AGAINST
THE HEARTH'S
ANDIRONS?

QUITE POSSIBLE!
IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE ME...
I'D LIKE TO
DO SOME
FURTHER
INVESTIGATING!



HMMM...
WHAT'S
THIS?



HERE'S MY
CHANCE TO EYE
THE SUSPECTS
FOR THAT ONE
FALSE MOVE!
IF MY SCHEME
WORKS... THE
KILLER WILL
COOK HIS
OWN GOOSE!



EVER SEE
THIS LETTER
BEFORE,
GENTLEMEN?

LETTER??



HMM... NOW
I KNOW
WHO THE
MURDERER
IS!

THE MURDERER IS
THE NEPHEW! HE
KILLED HIS UNCLE
BECAUSE HE HAD
ACCUMULATED LARGE
GAMBLING DEBTS WITH
LOGAN AND KNEW BY
ELIMINATING HIS REL-
ESTATE, WHEN IN-
SPECTOR KEENE
DISCOVERED A MONO-
CLE NEAR THE BODY
HE PLACED IT ON A
TABLE AND ASKED
THE OTHERS TO
READ A BLANK "LETTER"
THE NEPHEW FROM A
NATURAL HABIT PICKED
UP THE MONOCLE FROM
THE TABLE TO READ
THE "LETTER", THAT
CLUE GAVE HIM AWAY!

MR. RISK

The GHOST LIGHTHOUSE

A COAST GUARD OFFICE
IN NEW ENGLAND...

MY FATHER SAYS
HE CAN'T STAY
AT CAPE CALAMITY
...NOT AFTER HE
FOUND OUT ABOUT
THE CURSE!

I WAS
AFRAID OF
THIS, MR. RISK!
WE'VE HAD TRE-
MENDOUS TROUBLE
GETTING KEEPERS
TO STAY THERE
AFTER FOUR
DEATHS IN A
ROW!

HOW DID IT
OCCUR,?
CAPTAIN?

IN EACH CASE, THE
DEAD KEEPER WAS
FOUND AT THE BASE
OF THE TOWER. THE
LIGHT WAS OUT JUST
WHEN WE NEEDED IT
MOST... AT THE
HEIGHT OF A
STORM.

STRANGE. THE
BAROMETER IS
FALLING EVERY-
WHERE... AND
CAPE CALAMITY
IS PARTICULARLY
HARD HIT.

All who work here
must die!... so went
the mysterious curse
on Cape Calamity light-
house. Endless murders
occurred to prove the pow-
er of the curse until Mr.
Risk decided to risk the
curse himself! Then
everything began to
happen and... But you
better read about
it yourself!

URGENT MESSAGE, SIR! A SHIP OFF CAPE CALAMITY IS FLOUNDERING WITH NO LIGHT TO KEEP THEM FROM GOING ON THE ROCKS!

G-GOOD GRACIOUS! IF THE LIGHT'S OUT, THEN SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO FATHER!

MEANWHILE, AT CAPE CALAMITY LIGHTHOUSE...

N-NO! NO!
YIEEEEE!

AND AS THE CURSE OF CAPE CALAMITY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, THE FREIGHTER SIGNALS FRANTICALLY...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LIGHTHOUSE? WHERE IS THE LIGHT? CAN'T SEE ROCKS IN DARK!

CAPTAIN, LOOK! THERE'S THE LIGHT! NOW WE CAN GET OUR BEARINGS!

THE LIGHT APPEARS TO BE MOVING! CAN IT BE MY IMAGINATION?

WE'RE GOING ON THE ROCKS! SEND AN S.O.S.! MAN THE LIFEBOATS...

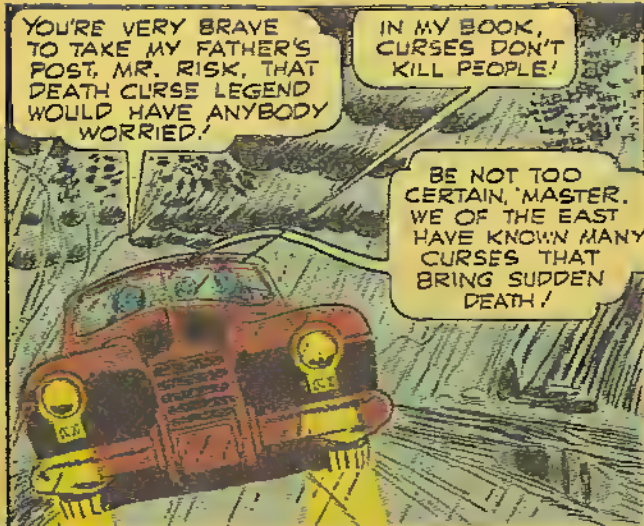
CAPTAIN—THE S.S. DORSAL CRACKED IN TWO ON CAPE CALAMITY ROCKS! THEY'RE ABANDONING SHIP! THEY REPORTED A MOVING BEAM, MISGUIDED THEM!

A MOVING BEAM? IMPOSSIBLE!

—AN IMPOSSIBILITY I INTEND TO LOOK INTO, CAPTAIN!

THE WHOLE CASE IS A COLLECTION OF IMPOSSIBILITIES, CAPTAIN. WITH YOUR PERMISSION I WANT TO TAKE OVER THE LIGHTHOUSE FROM SALLY'S FATHER AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERIOUS DEATH CURSE!

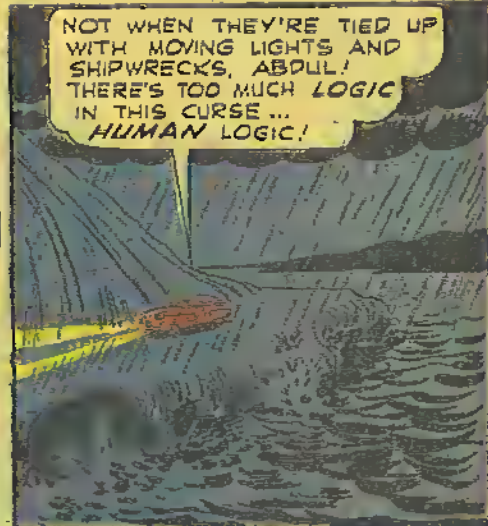
I'D BEEN HOPING FOR THAT, MR. RISK! YOU'RE EXACTLY THE TROUBLE-SHOOTER WE NEED!



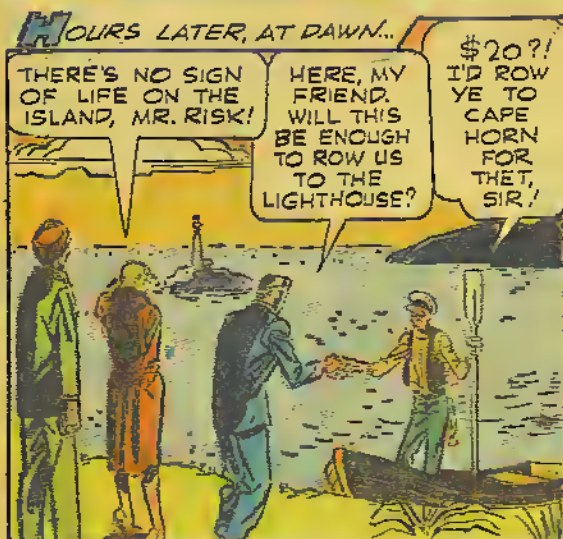
YOU'RE VERY BRAVE TO TAKE MY FATHER'S POST, MR. RISK, THAT DEATH CURSE LEGEND WOULD HAVE ANYBODY WORRIED!

IN MY BOOK, CURSES DON'T KILL PEOPLE!

BE NOT TOO CERTAIN, MASTER. WE OF THE EAST HAVE KNOWN MANY CURSES THAT BRING SUDDEN DEATH!



NOT WHEN THEY'RE TIED UP WITH MOVING LIGHTS AND SHIPWRECKS, ABOL! THERE'S TOO MUCH LOGIC IN THIS CURSE... HUMAN LOGIC!

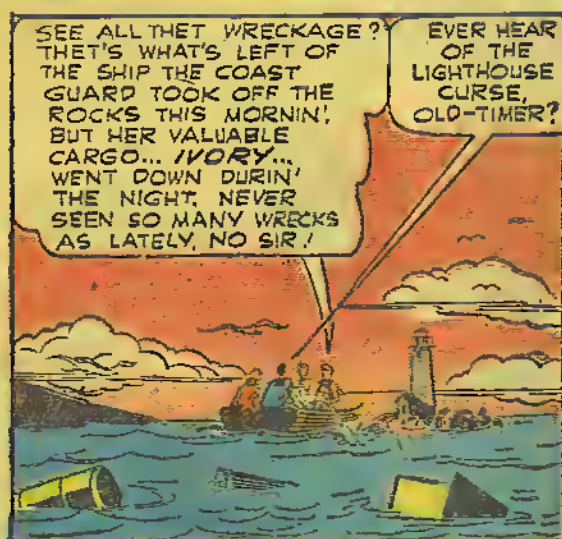


HOURS LATER, AT DAWN...

THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE ISLAND, MR. RISK!

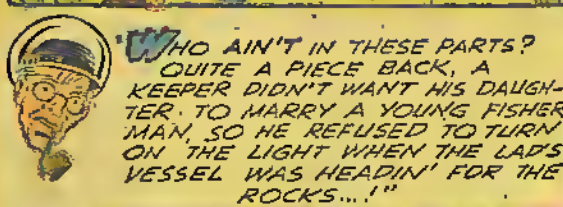
HERE, MY FRIEND. WILL THIS BE ENOUGH TO ROW US TO THE LIGHTHOUSE?

\$20?! I'D ROW YE TO CAPE HORN FOR THAT, SIR!



SEE ALL THET WRECKAGE? THET'S WHAT'S LEFT OF THE SHIP THE COAST GUARD TOOK OFF THE ROCKS THIS MORNIN', BUT HER VALUABLE CARGO... *IVORY*... WENT DOWN DURIN' THE NIGHT. NEVER SEEN SO MANY WRECKS AS LATELY, NO SIR!

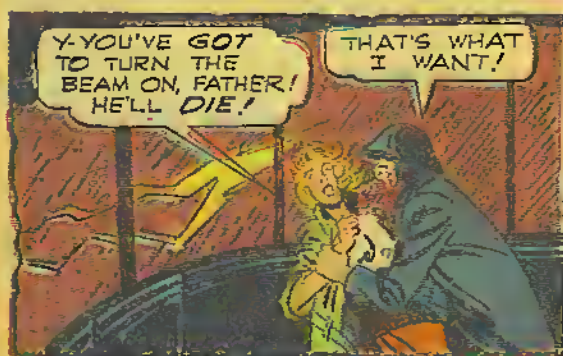
EVER HEAR OF THE LIGHTHOUSE CURSE, OLD-TIMER?



WHO AIN'T IN THESE PARTS? QUITE A PIECE BACK, A KEEPER DIDN'T WANT HIS DAUGHTER TO MARRY A YOUNG FISHERMAN, SO HE REFUSED TO TURN ON THE LIGHT WHEN THE LAD'S VESSEL WAS HEADIN' FOR THE ROCKS...!"

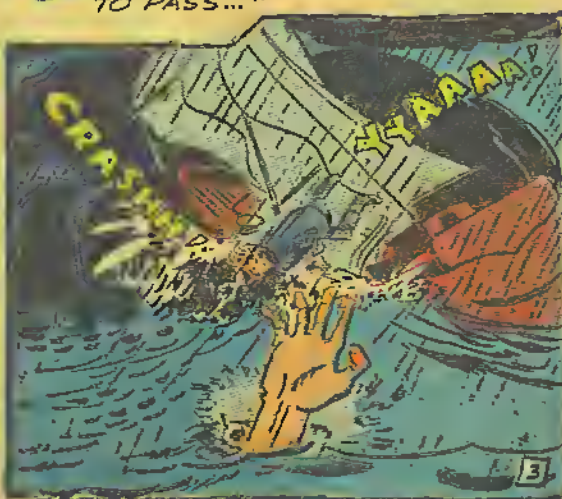


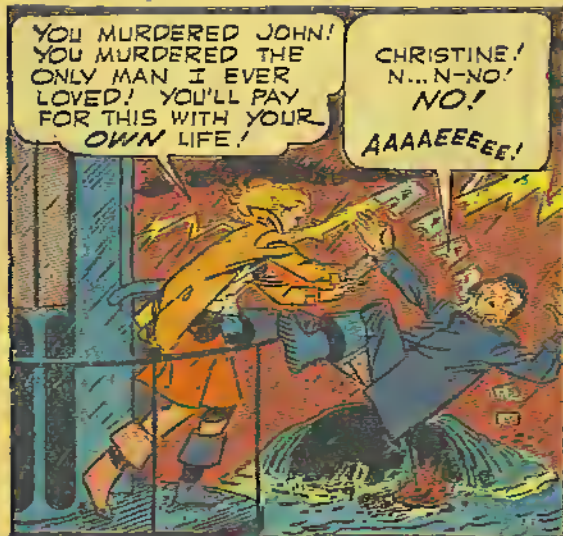
WHAT THE KEEPER WANTED CAME TO PASS..."



Y-YOU'VE GOT TO TURN THE BEAM ON, FATHER! HE'LL DIE!

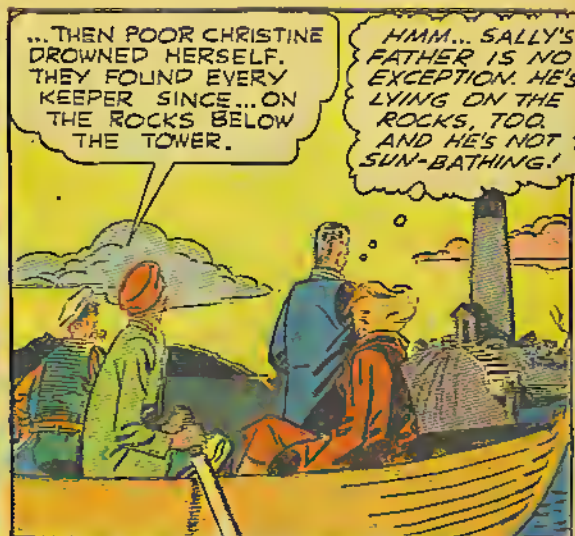
THAT'S WHAT I WANT!





YOU MURDERED JOHN!
YOU MURDERED THE
ONLY MAN I EVER
LOVED! YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS WITH YOUR
OWN LIFE!

CHRISTINE!
N...N-NO!
NO!
AAAAEEEEEE!



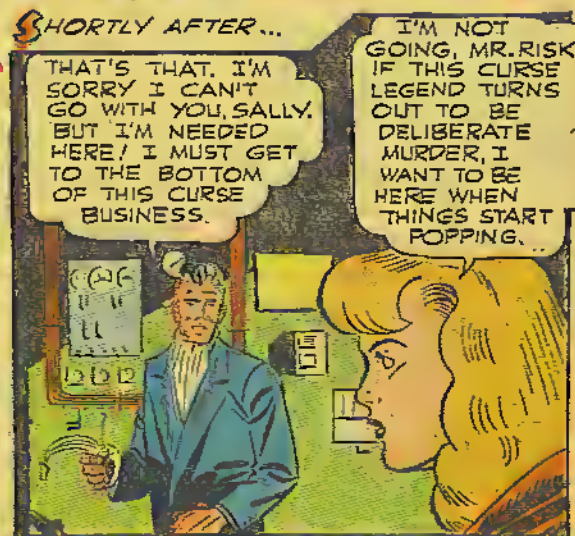
...THEN POOR CHRISTINE
DROWNED HERSELF.
THEY FOUND EVERY
KEEPER SINCE...ON
THE ROCKS BELOW
THE TOWER.

HMM... SALLY'S
FATHER IS NO
EXCEPTION. HE'S
LYING ON THE
ROCKS, TOO.
AND HE'S NOT
SUN-BATHING!



HE, TOO, DIE
FROM FALL...
FROM
TOWER,
MASTER.

ABDUL, HELP THE
BEACHCOMBER TAKE
THE BODY BACK TO
LAND. I'M WIRING
COAST GUARD
HEADQUARTERS TO
HAVE A HEARSE
MEET THE ROWBOAT.



SHORTLY AFTER...

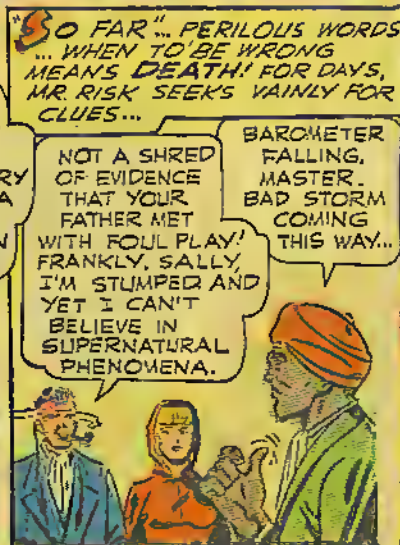
THAT'S THAT. I'M
SORRY I CAN'T
GO WITH YOU, SALLY.
BUT I'M NEEDED
HERE! I MUST GET
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS CURSE
BUSINESS.

I'M NOT
GOING, MR. RISK.
IF THIS CURSE
LEGEND TURNS
OUT TO BE
DELIBERATE
MURDER, I
WANT TO BE
HERE WHEN
THINGS START
POPPING...



YOUR MASTER
IS STUBBORN.
IF IT WAS ME,
A MILLION
DOLLARS
WOULDN'T MAKE
ME GO NEAR
THAT
LIGHTHOUSE!

MY MASTER
DOESN'T CARE
ABOUT MONEY.
MY MASTER
BELIEVES EVERY
MYSTERY HAS A
SOLUTION. SO
FAR HE'S BEEN
RIGHT...



SO FAR... PERILOUS WORDS
... WHEN TO BE WRONG
MEANS DEATH! FOR DAYS,
MR. RISK SEEKS VAINLY FOR
CLUES...

NOT A SHRED
OF EVIDENCE
THAT YOUR
FATHER MET
WITH FOUL PLAY!
FRANKLY, SALLY,
I'M STUMPED AND
YET I CAN'T
BELIEVE IN
SUPERNATURAL
PHENOMENA.

BAROMETER
FALLING.
MASTER.
BAD STORM
COMING
THIS WAY...



STORM WEATHER
GENERALLY ENDS
UP IN DEATH
AND SHIPWRECK.
WE'LL SEE IF
THE CURSE
WORKS FOR
US... IS THERE
OIL IN THE
LAMP, ABDUL?

NOT SURE,
MASTER...
I LOOK!

HMM...LOOKS LIKE THE PIPELINE ISN'T WORKING RIGHT. NOT NEARLY ENOUGH OIL HERE!



I'LL RUN DOWN TO THE OIL ROOM AND CHECK THE PUMP.

HOW'S SHE WORKING NOW?

QUIET NOW...WE DON'T WANT HER SQUALLIN'!



FINE! THE BEAM IS SHINING IN ALL ITS GLORY! COME ON UP, SALLY.

PERFECT! NOW GET THOSE TWO UPSTAIRS!



IS THAT YOU, SALLY? IT SURE TOOK YOU A LONG TIME ...



YOU'LL GET DOWNSTAIRS A LOT FASTER RISK!

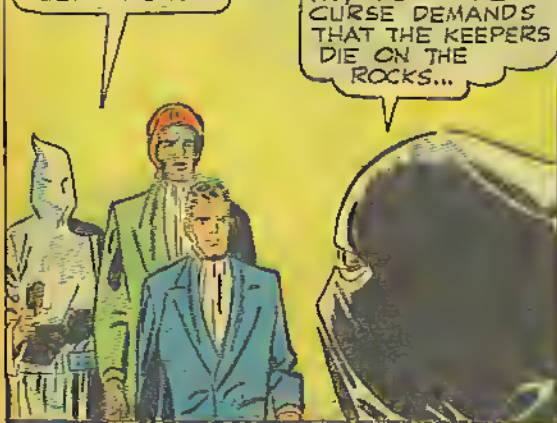
M-MASTER! IT'S...

I WOULDN'T TRY NOTHIN' IF I WAS YOU, MR. RISK ...NOT IF YOU DON'T WANT TURBAN-HEAD'S GUTS BLOWN OUT!



WHAT'S YOUR 'GAME', RATS?

DIDJA HEAR WHAT HE CALLED US, BOSS? GIVE IT TO MR. BIG-MOUTH RIGHT NOW!



AND DESTROY THE LEGEND WE'VE BUILT UP SO CONSCIENTIOUSLY? NO, FOOL. THE CURSE DEMANDS THAT THE KEEPERS DIE ON THE ROCKS...

MR. RISK WAS CURIOUS. HE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT OUR GAME WAS. WELL, OUR GAME IS **DEATH**, MR. RISK! WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU AND YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT HANG FOR A WHILE ...



HANG TILL THE TORTURE OF HOLDING ON IS UN-BEARABLE. WE'LL COME BACK LATER TO REMOVE YOUR BONDS... AFTER YOU'RE DEAD ON THE ROCKS OF COURSE! HEH-HEH! LET'S GO, BOYS. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! REMEMBER TO DOUSE THE LIGHTS!

THEY TAKE MISS SALLY FOR HOSTAGE, MASTER.

I KNOW. HEAVEN'S KNOWS WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO SALLY OR THE SHIP AT SEA IF WE FALL AND THAT LIGHT REMAINS OUT!

GROAN... C-CAN'T HOLD ON M-MUCH LONGER, MASTER... M-MY FINGERS ARE SLIPPING...

YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD ON, ABDUL! WAIT... I HEAR SOMETHING! THEY TURNED OUT THE BULBS BUT THEY FORGOT TO STOP THE THE LAMP FROM REVOLVING.

M-MR. RISK! HELP! HELP!

IF I CAN GET THE ROPE TO CATCH ON TO THE LAMP, THE REVOLVING MOTION WILL WIND ME INTO THE TOWER AGAIN!

BUT MASTER... YOU'RE PUTTING A STRAIN ON YOUR ARM...!

SHE'S CAUGHT ON, ABDUL! I CAN FEEL THE TUG AS SHE WINDS UP!

H-HOLD ON, ABDUL! I'M ALMOST INSIDE NOW...

MINUTES LATER...

NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, ABDUL. NOT ONLY FOR US... BUT FOR THAT SHIP HEADING FOR THE ROCKS! WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TURN ON THE BEAM...

LOOK! THE LIGHT'S ON! THEY MUST'VE GOT FREE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT 'EM, BOSS?

GET INTO THE TOWER AND SEND RISK A BLINKER SIGNAL WARNING HIM WE'LL KILL THE GIRL IF HE DOESN'T DOUSE THE LIGHT!

WHAT WE DO, MASTER? TURN OUT LIGHT AND SAVE GIRL OR LEAVE LIGHT ON AND SAVE SHIP?

IF I CAN RESCUE SALLY BEFORE THAT FREIGHTER REACHES THE ROCKS, YOU CAN SNAP ON THE BEAM WHEN YOU GET AN ALL-CLEAR SIGNAL FROM ME...

SOMEWHERE AT SEA IS A GHOST LIGHTHOUSE... INHABITED BY THE SAME "GHOSTS" WHO KIDNAPPED SALLY! JUST KEEP ALERT FOR SIGNALS, ABDUL!

BUT, MASTER, YOU ARE ONE AGAINST MANY...



SURELY I SHALL NEVER SEE MY MASTER ALIVE AGAIN! HOW CAN HE SURVIVE THE SEAS OR THOSE MEN ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS?

THE SAILOR WHO SAID HE SAW A MOVING LIGHTHOUSE KNEW HIS OMIGODS! THE DARN THING'S HEADED MY WAY!

IT'S A FLOATING ISLAND WITH A LIGHTHOUSE ON TOP! DELIBERATELY MOVING SO THAT THE FREIGHTER WILL HIT THE ROCKS!... WELL, I'LL FIX THAT!



THESE HAND GRENADES HE HAS WILL COME IN HANDY...

THERE SHE GOES..... STRAIGHT FOR THE REEFS! ANOTHER VALUABLE CARGO DUMPED IN OUR LAPS!

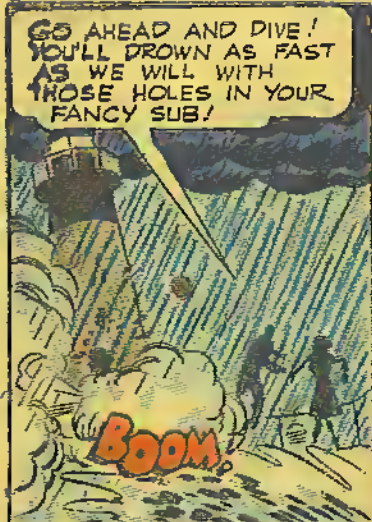
RAISE 'EM! I'VE GOT NO LEGEND TO PRESERVE, PAL, SO I DON'T MIND USING GUNS ON YOU!

RISK!... QUICK! DOWN THE HATCH! HE'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE IN THESE HEAVY SEAS IF WE SUBMERGE!

IT'S A SUBMARINE! WE'LL BE DROWNED!

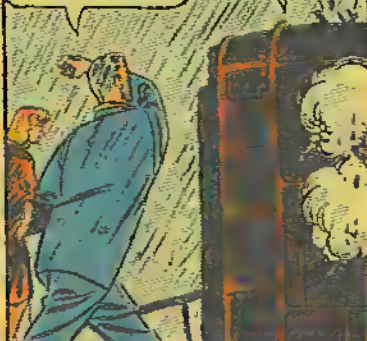
NO, SALLY... NOT AS LONG AS THESE HAND GRENADES CAN HELP US!...



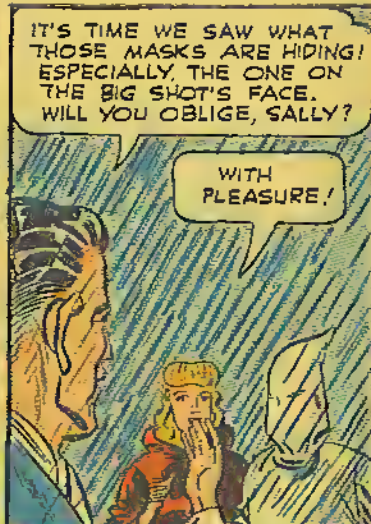


GO AHEAD AND DIVE!
YOU'LL DROWN AS FAST
AS WE WILL WITH
THOSE HOLES IN YOUR
FANCY SUB!

STOP FIRING
AND COME OUT
OF THE HATCH
ONE BY ONE...
OR BE LIKE
RATS! I'LL
SINK THE
WHOLE SHIP!



Y-YOU
WIN!
WE'LL
COME
OUT!



IT'S TIME WE SAW WHAT
THOSE MASKS ARE HIDING!
ESPECIALLY, THE ONE ON
THE BIG SHOT'S FACE.
WILL YOU OBLIGE, SALLY?

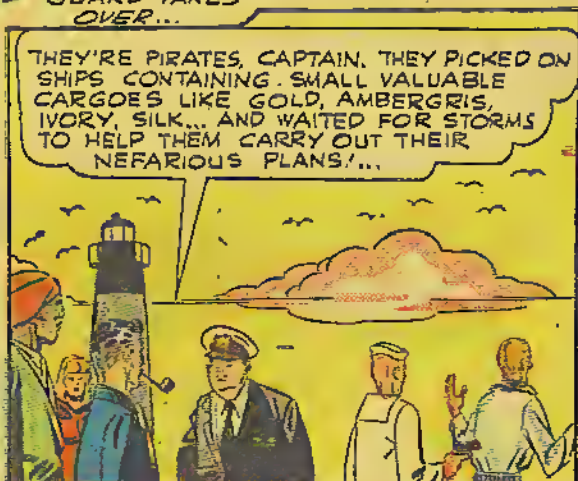
WITH
PLEASURE!



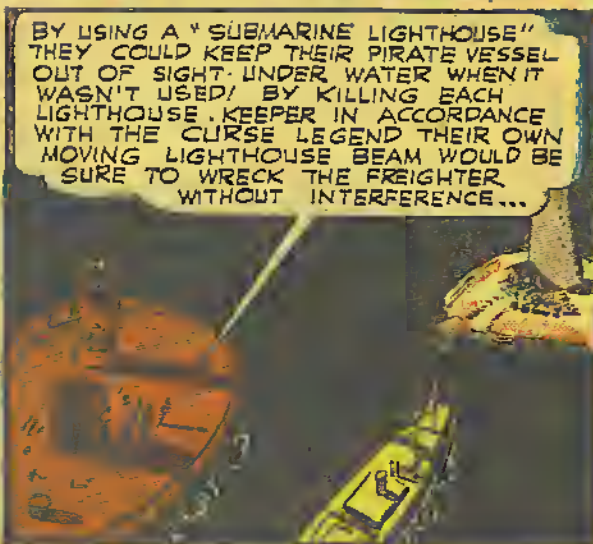
T-THE
BEACHCOMBER!

YOU MEAN *PIRATE*,
SALLY! BUT BEFORE
I DO MY EXPLAINING
BLINK OUT AN "ALL
SAFE" SIGNAL TO
ABDUL SO HE CAN
TURN ON THE BEAM
FOR THAT FREIGHTER!

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE COAST
GUARD TAKES
OVER...



THEY'RE PIRATES, CAPTAIN. THEY PICKED ON
SHIPS CONTAINING SMALL VALUABLE
CARGOES LIKE GOLD, AMBERGRIS,
IVORY, SILK... AND WAITED FOR STORMS
TO HELP THEM CARRY OUT THEIR
NEFARIOUS PLANS!...



BY USING A "SUBMARINE LIGHTHOUSE"
THEY COULD KEEP THEIR PIRATE VESSEL
OUT OF SIGHT UNDER WATER WHEN IT
WASN'T USED! BY KILLING EACH
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER IN ACCORDANCE
WITH THE CURSE LEGEND THEIR OWN
MOVING LIGHTHOUSE BEAM WOULD BE
SURE TO WRECK THE FREIGHTER
WITHOUT INTERFERENCE...



MR. RISK, BY
LIVING UP TO
YOUR NAME
YOU'VE SMASHED
THE MOST AMAZING
RING OF PIRATES
IN COAST GUARD
HISTORY!

WE'VE REWARD
ENOUGH IN AVEN-
GING SALLY'S
FATHER... AND
YES IN PROVING
THAT CURSES
AREN'T REAL!